Election Quarterly

AUGUST 11, 1936 15c

new Masses

JOHN L. SPIVAK

Cuba Stirs Again

Who Backed the Spanish Revolt?

ROGER ABBOTT

Camden's Lawless Courts

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

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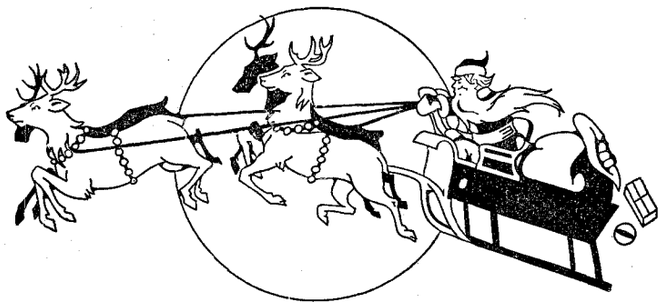

There ain't no Santa Claus!

—especially for us in the left-wing labor movement. That's why we have to stick together and work things out cooperatively for our mutual advantage. For example:

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Next Week

Don't miss this startling expose. Order your copy from your newsdealer in advance. Organizations should write in for bundle orders at special prices for this sensational article.

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New Masses

AUGUST 11, 1936

Foolish Questions Dept.

FOR one so long in politics, Norman Thomas is a remarkably naïve man. A few weeks ago he appeared melodramatically on the stage of the Townsend convention to tell the representatives of masses of people that they were foolish, that their scheme for securing old-age pensions was fantastic, and that they would do well to stop their nonsense. The tory papers howled in glee. With their own candidates too cautious to attack the Townsendites, they were delighted to have St. Thomas go forth to slay the dragon. Thomas wanted to bring the Townsendites to socialism; instead he won laurels from the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Not content with antagonizing the Townsendites—not only toward his own party, but toward the entire Left—Thomas has now embarked on a venture fraught with even graver dangers.

Last summer Governor Landon sent militia into the mining area of southeastern Kansas "to maintain order" during a strike. The troops were directed, the Governor now declares in answer to Thomas's questions, "not to interfere with labor meetings and other activities of the strikers, so long as they were peaceably conducted." Under cover of Landon's military protection, the strike, in effect, was smashed. A company union was set up on the spot.

Speaking through delegates from Central Labor Unions throughout the state, Kansas labor condemned Landon's action and gave him a chance to deny the charges. His answer was the whole-hearted endorsement of the Republican platform's company-union plank, dictated almost word for word by the National Association of Manufacturers. This endorsement Landon followed up in his acceptance speech in even more unmistakable language, thereby winning the denunciation of every important labor leader.

And now along comes Norman Thomas seeking to discover Landon's attitude on unionism by asking him questions. What is worse, he is pleasantly surprised when Landon does not reply: "I will do all in my power to smash real labor unions, Mr. Thomas." Accepting Landon's hypocritical assurances, Thomas termed his reply "a great improvement" and felt that it "clarifies his position in the right direction." Kansas miners whose jobs are still being held down by Landon-protected company union scabs will require less "clarification" than Mr. Thomas, but other workers, not so familiar with Landon, may be dangerously misled by Thomas's widely publicized stunt.

Perhaps this is only the beginning of a series in the Socialist leader's game of questions and answers. He may go on now and ask Mussolini whether he really believes in imperialist war, or Hitler whether he doesn't like Jews.

Jac

"Somehow, Goebbels, this is a refreshing change after all that Olympics cordiality."

Love Story

MISS EDNA FERBER has fallen in love with America.

It all came over her rather suddenly, as she reports it in the New York *Times* of July 31. She was sipping cocktails quietly in St. Juan de Luz, the French Basque resort, which has the present disadvantage of being just ten minutes from the Spanish border, when her observation of the quaintness of the Basque people was disturbed by an unpardonably loud boom of guns.

She discovered later that it was all because the Spanish peasants were getting twenty-two cents a day and were up in arms for the Popular Front or Communistic government, or whatever they have over there. It disturbed her, and not only her, but Mrs. Larkin, who is the wife of the executive vice-president of the Chase National Bank. A rude—and armed!—peasant woman acting as border guard had subjected this prominent American to the indignity of a *very thorough* search.

It just all goes to show how well off we all are in this country, where there are American Beauties and Show Boat performers who by dint of hard work

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become popular actresses. And it has determined Miss Ferber to get the government to pass a law that'll make anyone who is against the American government "slave six months at hard play in any one of the capitals of Europe today." We'd prefer hard work. Could you make it Moscow, Miss Ferber, where people can get jobs?

The Battle of Richmond

HOW free is America? May our citizens exercise the right granted them by the Constitution to express their opinions without restriction? The School Board of Richmond, Virginia, says No. It has just barred James W. Ford, Negro candidate of the Communist Party for vice-president of the United States, from speaking at the John Marshall High School.

Fortunately, Richmond also contains progressive forces. Even the *Times-Dispatch* of that city protests editorially against the outrage, saying that the ban on Ford is "a blow at one of the cardinal principles which went into the establishment of our form of government. Free speech is a cherished institution, guaranteed by the fundamental law of this country. Any infringement of it, upon any pretext, is a matter of vital concern of all the people, regardless of the political creed of any of them."

After all, the *Times-Dispatch* concludes, "Ford is the candidate of a recognized political party—recognized by the Commonwealth of Virginia, which will place his name and that of Earl Browder on the November ticket as the standard bearers of Communism."

The Communist Party has retained E. A. Norrell, a Negro attorney of Richmond, to fight the autocratic decision of the School Board.

If the vice-presidential candidate of a legal political party may not speak during an election campaign, then the Bill of Rights is dead, and no man of progressive views can be sure that he will not be the next victim of a Nazi-like censorship. The battle for free speech in Richmond should enlist the support of all our readers.

Jew-Baiters

WHAT does the United States government intend to do about Nazi plots against American Jews hatched in the German embassy?

This is the urgent question posed by Congressman Dickstein's revelations about the activities of Harold C. Keyes, former Secret Service operative and now a private detective in New York. Keyes has been negotiating with the German authorities for a job to carry on anti-Semitic propaganda here.

"We in America," the detective told the German officials, "hate and fear the Jew as much as you do in Germany. . . . Germany has been but half-hearted in its attempts through publicity to crystallize a real opposition to the Jew in America. . . . The time is ripe now for a real campaign to crystallize sentiment here. But the publicity work should be in the hands of native Americans . . . *with the secret financial support of German interests*. . . . And an aroused Christian populace will shortly bring the Jew in his proper sphere."

Congressman Dickstein is properly indignant at the brazen activities of this Jew-baiter. He has asked Secretary of State Flynn of New York State to revoke Keyes's license as a private detective. But the congressman misses the whole point of the episode. That lies not so much in the rabid outpourings of a legalized thug as in the fact that his proposals were seriously taken up by the German authorities in this country! From the German embassy on 1439 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C., Richard Paulig, secretary of the embassy, wrote to Keyes:

> Captain Drechsel, to whom I am writing today, is looking forward to your getting in touch with him over the telephone, and will certainly be glad to see you at a time that may be agreed upon. I sent to Captain Drechsel the memorandum with enclosures which you kindly forwarded to me on September 21.

Mr. Paulig now denies his letter to Keyes had anything to do with Jew-baiting. It seems Keyes wanted a job with the North German Lloyd, and that's what the Nazi secretary's letter referred to. Maybe Keyes did submit an anti-Semitic memorandum, but Mr. Paulig has "no clear recollection of it." Of course, his letter to Keyes specifically refers to a memorandum, but Mr. Paulig cannot remember whether it dealt with Jew-baiting. And even if it did, he "gave no consideration to it."

This is the lamest explanation to appear in print in a long time. The Keyes case requires immediate and thorough investigation, for anti-Semitism is being permitted to spread without interference by the federal and local authorities.

On August 10, for example, there will convene in Asheville, North Carolina, a national conference of Christian ministers and laymen. This conference has been called ostensibly to form a nation-wide organization to combat Communism. Actually, what is being formed is a well-integrated, nation-wide anti-Semitic organization. All of America's outstanding professional anti-Semites will be present in Asheville from August 10 to 16. The following notorious Jew-baiters have already approved the call for the conference: Harry A. Jung, James True, Col. E. M. Sanctuary, Robert Edmund Edmundson, Royal Scott Gulden, and Mrs. A. Tellian. The conference, convoked by the Rev. Ralph E. Mollner, a Methodist minister of Houston, Texas, is a bold and cynical attempt to spread Nazi ideas and practices in this country. It should be investigated by the authorities at once.

Drought and the New Deal

THE Great Plains Drought Area Committee is engaged in working out a long-range program for protection against future droughts. So far the committee inclines toward such moves as restoring the $75,000,000 shelter belt project, abandoned by Congress at the last session, and government purchase of unproductive land for restoration to the Indians. Secretary of Agriculture Wallace goes somewhat further with plans for the future. He proposes a program which would include commodity loans, the so-called "ever-normal granary" plan, and crop insurance. For the most part the Wallace program is commendable, and certainly there can be no quarrel with the principle of long-range planning.

But with one third of the nation suffering acutely from drought at the present moment, with vast areas converted into hot and barren wasteland, with cash so scarce in many regions that food and rent can be obtained only by barter, with thousands of farms buried beneath dust and the very paint eaten off the fences by hordes of insects—American farmers may be excused if they do not enthuse over the Washington blueprints. Unless more immediate and adequate aid is forthcoming than appears to be in prospect, Wallace is planning insurance for crops which will never feel the heat of the sun.

More than future protection against soil erosion—however important that may be—the stricken farmers of the

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West want a moratorium on debts, they want refinancing of their federal indebtedness through government loans at low interest, they want adequate direct relief where no W.P.A. projects are in operation, and they don't want W.P.A. jobs that pay them 35 cents an hour and require them to travel as much as fourteen miles to work. They want reductions in rent and a ban on forced sales, foreclosures, and evictions. They want full value for their stock in federal cattle purchases. And they want it understood that such money as they get for relief is to be used for themselves and their families, and not to pay off mortgages and debts.

These are not things that are mentioned in New Deal blueprints. Certainly they are not even dreamed of by the Wall Street bosses of Alf Landon. They are the demands of farmer-labor groups throughout the country.

Paging Mr. Winchell

DEAR Walter Winchell: You know nearly everything, and what you don't know you have an uncanny knack of finding out. So will you please tell us who is Al McCarthy? And what ex-governor of New York and what Tammany judge have been negotiating with a representative of the Republican Party who is staying at a fancy New York hotel? We ask because political experts have been predicting that Tammany is prepared to knife President Roosevelt in November, and to throw the votes it controls to Alf Landon, the candidate of the Liberty League and Hearst. If you could answer our questions we might know how far the deal has gone.

Good Neighborliness?

"ANY other verdict would have scandalized my conscience." So spoke Federal Judge Robert Cooper after sentencing Pedro Albizu Campos and seven other Puerto Rican nationalist leaders to terms ranging from two to six years in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta. The judge's conscience had remained thoroughly unperturbed during the trial—even when ten continental Americans were named to serve on a jury of twelve which sat in judgment over Albizu, after a previous jury, composed mainly of Puerto Ricans, had failed to convict him.

But Judge Cooper's is not the only conscience in Puerto Rico. The million and a half inhabitants of the island have a national conscience which has been flouted during thirty years of U.S. rule. And the verdict against the nationalist leaders, whose crime consists in the belief that their country should be free, adds salt to the wounds inflicted on this national conscience.

The accused were declared guilty of conspiracy to overthrow the United States government, of inciting to revolution, and of recruiting soldiers to be used against the United States Army. But this is not why they are being sent off to Atlanta — or do the G-men prosecutors really fear a military conspiracy on this tiny Caribbean island whose population scarcely exceeds that of the Bronx? What moves the prosecution is the hope that the imprisonment of Albizu and his comrades will curb the advancing independence movement among the people—a movement whose scope had much to do with Mr. Tydings's back-handed offer of independence during the last session of Congress. But Puerto Ricans have not been taken in. Previously irreconcilable political groups have joined forces in defense of the nationalists and with their conviction, agitation in favor of independence is meeting a more favorable response than ever before.

Representative Vito Marcantonio, who has flown to San Juan to act as counsel for the defense and aid the Nationalists in their efforts to obtain a new trial or appeal, thereby gives practical expression to the sympathy which prevails among enlightened Americans for the cause of Puerto Rican freedom.

New Masses

VOL. XX, No. 7 CONTENTS AUGUST 11, 1936

Editorial Comment 3
Spain the Tinder-Box..... 6
Lindbergh in Naziland.....Leslie Reade 7
Cuba Stirs Again.....John L. Spivak 8
Camden's Lawless Courts
Alexander Kendrick 11
Who Backed the Spanish Revolt?
Roger Abbott 13
Weirton: Feudal Domain
Marguerite Young 14
Student Unity on a World Scale
Richard Pack 17
Four Years of Nazi Drama
Winifred Smith 18
How Free is America?.....Ken Crossen 21
Mexican Idyll.....Emanuel Eisenberg 23

Poems
Renunciation .....Maxwell Bodenheim 26
Memory of His Wife the Rag-Time
Piano Player.....Hector Rella 26
O People Misshapen
Genevieve Taggard 26
The Middle Class and the Election
Joseph Freeman 27
What the Parties Promise..M. R. Bendiner 29
Who Pays the Bills?.....Avery Wood 32
Roosevelt .....Bruce Minton 34
Landon .....DeWitt Gilpin 35
Lemke .....Thomas Bromley 36
Thomas .....Al Richman 37
Browder .....Alexander Taylor 38
Review and Comment..... 40
The Screen.....Peter Ellis 45

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178

Voting for Peace

THE Soviet Union is "quite without civil liberties" and economic liberties have been "completely eliminated in the case of Russia and partially so in the case of Germany." So the *Review of Reviews* informed its readers when it called upon them last month to state which side their sympathies would be with in case of a war between Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. But the results of the poll, just made public, reveal the profound effect that the Soviet Union's peace policy is exercising upon Americans. Nearly 1,600 voted with the Soviet Union; 844 voted for Germany and 280 were neutral. The absence of labor representation among those who voted, which was indicated by the list of occupational groups in the final tally, makes the pro-Soviet outcome all the more impressive.

With a single exception, all occupational groups voted with the Soviet Union: business, law, clergy, medicine, literary, clerical, engineers, teachers, and students. The farm group alone

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had a majority favoring Germany but it is safe to assume that only well-to-do farmers read magazines like *Review of Reviews*.

Its sponsors draw the following conclusions from the poll:

> This was a conservative American vote, and the number of Pan-German or Communist participants was quite negligible. There was no approval of communism as such; but the peaceful reconstruction of Russia-at-home and the warlike gyrations of Hitler Germany evidently influenced a great majority of voters, who were above all peace-minded. That ministers and business men—whose two occupations have been hardest hit in Russia—should vote in favor of the U.S.S.R. is both interesting and significant. It is equally significant that the few military votes were for Germany.

The poll adds to the clamor of peace organizations for United States cooperation with the Soviet Union, France, and other nations in the preservation of peace through collective security and the wielding of collective pressure against the Nazi war-makers.

Spain the Tinder-Box

SPAIN'S civil war has divided the major nations of Europe into two camps. France and the Soviet Union, sympathetic to the People's Front, have followed a policy of non-intervention. Italy and Germany have been supporting the fascist rebels. Britain has been swaying precariously on a diplomatic tight-rope.

As an initial act of provocation, Europe's fascists spread false reports that Soviet tankers were bombing the rebels at Ceuta. With this pretext, German planes appeared at the insurgent headquarters. Nazi spies, officially registered as traveling salesmen at the Hotel Nacional in Tetuan, have been intriguing with the Moors against the government of the Spanish protectorate. Mussolini, in a new bond of amity with Berlin, has sent out Italian planes piloted by officers of his army ordered to disguise themselves in uniforms of the Spanish Foreign Legion. Their forced landing in French Morocco gave the plot away.

By way of contrast with the attempt to minimize Italian interference, when the People's Front requisitioned a few Fords for defense purposes the news cables hummed with reports that English and American property was being confiscated wholesale. Britain was torn by conflicting interests. Rumors that General Franco was offering Mussolini the Belearic Islands and the North African ports of Ceuta and Mellila made the Foreign Office shudder at the prospect of the Mediterranean becoming an Italian lake. On the other hand, a fascist regime in Spain might be kind to British investments in the iron mines of Rio Tinto and the coal mines of the Asturias. That is why British officials on the spot have acted with such haste, allowing Downing Street to repent at leisure. Officers at Gibraltar have committed unfriendly acts against the Spanish naval and aviation forces, and Portugal, an English colony which does not happen to fly the Union Jack, has become a refuge for rebel officers.

The France of the People's Front cannot remain indifferent to the threat of being encircled by fascist dictatorships. It has therefore urged the powers interested in the Mediterranean to agree upon an arms embargo and non-intervention in Spain. Pending such an accord, France reserves "liberty of action," which seemingly means the right to aid a friendly republic in putting down a band of military outlaws. This step will hearten progressives everywhere.

Mussolini appears to be playing for high stakes. His acceptance of the invitation to attend the five-power Locarno conference is probably a maneuver connected with his Mediterranean ambitions. He hopes to compel the British and the French not to interfere with him in Spain because of his strategic position in the Locarno conference.

Karl Radek, who knows foreign affairs better than any journalist alive, insists that Italy is watching Spain closely for a chance to obtain Gibraltar, Britain's stronghold in the Mediterranean. Even if Mussolini fails to get that far, he will gain enormously at Britain's expense should he succeed in making Italian influence predominant in southern Spain and in Spanish Morocco. In that case, Britain's use of Gibraltar as a naval base would be seriously impaired. It is doubtful whether under those circumstances the British fleet would have free access to the Mediterranean. That was why Britain prevented an Italian-Spanish naval accord in 1926.

These complex diplomatic and military moves in Europe indicate the grave danger which threatens peace everywhere. The twenty-second anniversary of the first world war finds us upon the brink of a second. Nobody familiar with recent international developments can disagree with the warning of the Soviet press that "war is very near, and preparations for it have never been so open, rapid, and provocative."

There is no longer any doubt that Germany and Japan are about to enter into a military alliance. At the same time, Japan is arranging military alliances with Poland and Finland. These maneuvers are directed against the Soviet Union and the Mongolian People's Republic, also against Central and South China, Sumatra, Java, Bali, and the *Philippines*. That's something for Americans to think about.

Nazi Germany, too, is seeking other military alliances — with Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria. It already has a working arrangement with fascist Italy. Germany's main purpose is to isolate France from the Soviet Union and to force Britain into a position of neutrality. British diplomacy, traditionally poised and far-sighted, has been thrown into a panic by the concerted anti-British tactics of Japan, Italy, and Germany. Meantime, Hitler is using the Austro-German agreement as an entering wedge into the Danubian and Balkan countries.

The twenty-second anniversary of the first world war should be a sharp warning to thinking people everywhere. The second world war must be prevented. We must demand that the government of the United States, which plays a dominant role in world affairs, should act before it is too late. It should join the powers seeking to preserve peace through collective security. Above all, let the millions in every country exert their wills in organized fashion for the preservation of peace.

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Lindbergh in Naziland

LESLIE READE

COLONEL LINDBERGH is a modest man, and as such has always hated publicity. Since he flew into history some nine years ago his studied avoidance of notoriety has been equaled only by that of the late Colonel Lawrence, while his rudeness to newspaper men has never been equaled by anybody. Yet the press refused to leave him alone, for by his matchless bravery Lindbergh had become the Knight of the Air *sans peur et sans reproche.*

During the World War his father, the late C. A. Lindbergh, preached his Farmer-Labor principles regardless of danger, and contemptuous of newspaper opprobrium. Colonel Lindbergh, on the other hand, after his night of glory, sought comfortable oblivion by descending to conventionality. He married a Wall Street heiress, exploited his fame like any successful athlete by selling his name to one of the air lines, and expressed his pain at their treatment during the mail scandal just like any respectable member of the Liberty League. Still the legend persisted, and Lindbergh remained news. Finally, after the adventitious publicity caused by the murder of his son, Lindbergh fled from his native land and from Mr. Hearst in a secrecy guaranteed by a pseudonym, a specially chartered ship, and a front-page story in the New York *Times.*

Mindful of this record of almost royal anonymity, the public was surprised to learn that Lindbergh was about to visit Germany. Such a trip was bound to attract attention, and it was legitimate to wonder whether Lindbergh had changed his mind about publicity.

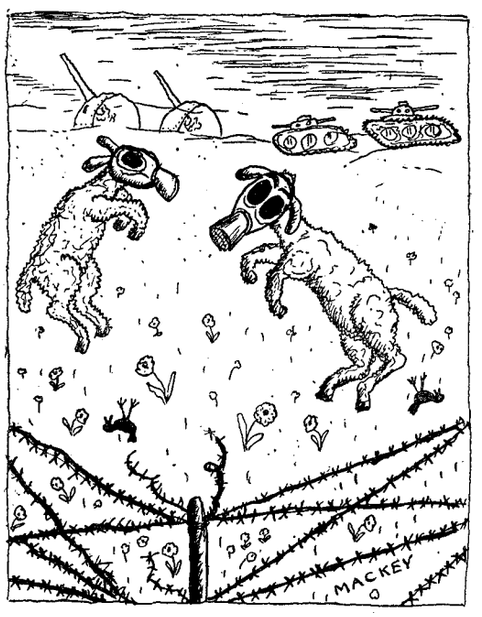
Having arrived in the Third Reich, Lindbergh addressed a gathering of hospitable Nazi aviators and told them that bombing aeroplanes were a terrible weapon. The Nazis, who had always believed that their practice with bombs and machine-guns was merely a form—perhaps the highest—of Nordic sport, were impressed and surprised.

Lindbergh next minutely inspected German aerodromes and the Olympic village, lunched with the ex-Crown Prince, and appeared, sitting close by Hitler, at the ceremonial opening of the Olympiad. The kept press of Dr. Goebbels described all these activities in flattering detail. It seemed that Lindbergh had indeed overcome his distaste for publicity, because he not only told the Nazi aviators the truth about bombers, but even spoke for peace. In the Third Reich could anything possibly have attracted more attention?

The answer is, a great deal. If Lindbergh had really gone to Germany to advertise the fact that he now cared more for principles than any consequent inconvenient publicity, his conduct would have been more original. Hitler himself never makes a speech without mechanically emphasizing his hatred of war, his love of peace, and his need for arms. Lindbergh, on the other hand, on rising to address the Nazi aviators, might have remembered that he was regarded not only as a peerless hero by the youth of the world, but that he was also the son of a man who had dared to preach the truth about the causes of war. The Nazi hosts might then have learned from their guest that their system was designed for war, and that peace could be preserved only by its overthrow. Instead, Lindbergh contented himself with a conventionally affectionate tribute to peace which was worthy of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler or that latest master of the platitude, Governor Landon.

Moreover, besides visiting the Olympic village, Lindbergh might have inspected any number of Nazi concentration camps, which he would have found as perfectly suited to their purpose — *mutatis mutandis* — as the new home of sport, and equally worthy of his tribute, "You Germans certainly are a thorough people." Again, instead of calling on the ex-Crown Prince, he might have insisted on seeing Karl von Ossietzky, Ludwig Renn, or Fritz von Unruh. It would, of course, have been too much to expect him to visit Thaelmann or Lawrence Simpson, but even a member of the *Social Register* could without loss of dignity have visited the three prisoners first named.

No foreign celebrity in Nazi Germany, of course, has ever been guilty of such shocking taste as to behave as suggested, for bad manners often require great courage. Lindbergh alone in acting thus would have proved his moral, as he had already proved his physical courage, and a world sensation must have been the sequel.



Mackey

It is evident, therefore, that Lindbergh did not go to Germany in quest of a new, and purer, fame. Perhaps he went merely to indulge his propensity for shaking hands across the sea, even with the wrong people.

On the face of it Lindbergh's trip was a little odd, and may not have been without its painful side. His son was murdered, the jury found, by a man who, if not a Nazi himself, certainly had the emotional and financial support of the American Nazis. It might have been thought that the father wouldn't ever want to see a Nazi again, let alone go out of his way to see them. Lindbergh fled America because he was victimized by gangsters, and yet he did not hesitate to expose himself and his wife in the very home of gangsterism itself. Cranks like Toscanini have avoided the Nazis because of their treatment of others. Lindbergh is obviously a more charitable person, and if his visit to Germany does not shame Toscanini, nothing ever will.

It is improbable, however, that Lindbergh went to Germany for the purpose of bringing a blush to the cheek of the *maestro.* Nowadays his life is too self-centered for such altruism. The reason for his journey is probably different. His father knew that a banker is man's natural enemy, but as the bridegroom of Wall Street the colonel knows on which side his bread is buttered, and acts accordingly.

"It is the crushing domination of property interests over human rights that makes trouble," said C. A. Lindbergh. The son might retort that his only interests are in property, and that he had not noticed any human rights in Germany. "A world's madhouse looms before us," said C. A. Lindbergh, "unless the plain people shall act to redeem it." The son, guarded by Nazi police from the touch of the crowd, could truthfully say that he is helping to build the madhouse. "I am a radical," said C. A. Lindbergh, "for I stand for the masses." "And I," the Lone Eagle might retort from the home of the ex-Crown Prince, "am a Republican and stand for the millionaires."

If the sight of Lindbergh on the same platform as Hitler is damaging to the Lindbergh legend, and his statement that he was intensely pleased by what he had seen in Germany destroys it, Lindbergh will be the better pleased. He has always been a modest man. It will be harder for youth to idolize him, and he may finally attain the oblivion he has always craved.

He probably deserves it.

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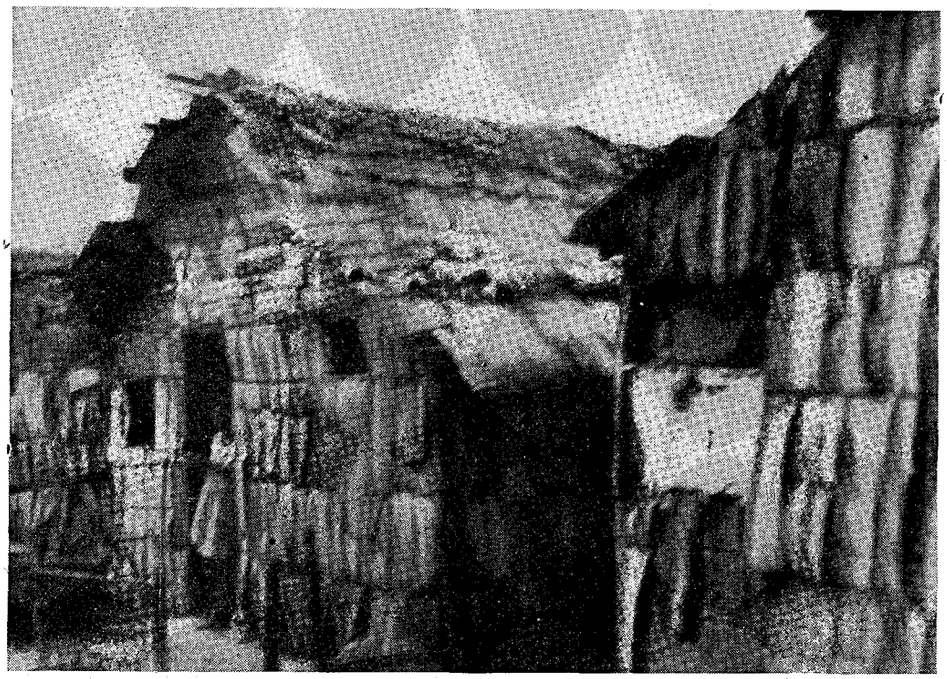
Cuba Stirs Again

JOHN L. SPIVAK

HAVANA.

THE PAPERS said that the dove of peace had settled over Cuba since Miguel Mariano Gomez became president a few months ago. Almost everybody in the public prints seemed to agree that the Pearl of the Antilles, which had seen revolution after revolution, bombings, arson, and assassination, was now riding the calm waters of democracy towards a peaceful solution of its troubles.



Photos by Talbot

Dwellings in Las Yaguas, one of the settlements of Havana's unemployed

Outwardly, everything was calm when I got to Havana. Pretty girls and likable young men strolled on the Prado in the evening or sat around in the cafés. Even in private homes there was that peace which had been absent during the hectic years since Gerardo Machado fled. But the capital of a country never really represents what is going on in that country, so I went into the interior.

Some 200 miles from Havana, in a typical Cuban village whose whole life depends upon the sugar industry, I found the calm so peaceful and everybody feeling so much at ease that my host urged me not to name the individuals we talked to and the places we visited for fear of what might happen. The attitude of the people was very much like that in Italy or Germany. The army was everywhere and they were fearful.

Thirty minutes after I arrived in this village as the guest of a native whom I had known in the States, a soldier appeared. He couldn't speak English and I couldn't speak Spanish, but my host acted as interpreter.

"You are staying here long?" the soldier asked politely after a desultory conversation.

"A few days," I explained. "Just visiting an old friend."

There were a few other questions and after a drink of rum the soldier left with the casual announcement that his sergeant, who was in charge of the military for that whole area, would like the pleasure of calling on my friend tomorrow. In the morning the sergeant came, a genial fellow who also asked me a great many questions: where had I met my friend, how long had I been in Cuba, what I expected to do during my visit. . . . The sergeant must have developed a great liking for me, for as long as I was in his military area, he clung to me and my friend with the solicitude of a mother caring for a sick babe. He would appear at breakfast and stay until it was time to retire. Once, when he had military business to attend to at his army post and saw that my host had saddled two horses for a ride into the countryside, he wished us a pleasant journey. When we passed the post (which we had to do to get on the road), a soldier who had been sitting on his horse greeted us and, oddly enough, discovered that he was going in the same direction we were. The soldier stayed with us until the sergeant picked us up later in the evening.

You do not have to stay in Cuba very long to discover that one doesn't object to anything a representative of the army does. The military are in complete control. Even local police officials and, in many instances, the "duly elected" civil authorities have been arbitrarily made subservient to the military command. Cuba is a military dictatorship directed by the former sergeant, Batista.

One American whom I met in Havana, who had been in charge of a mill in the interior for some twenty years, told me very frankly that whenever there is any difficulty

Childhood in Havana—scavenging near Las Yaguas

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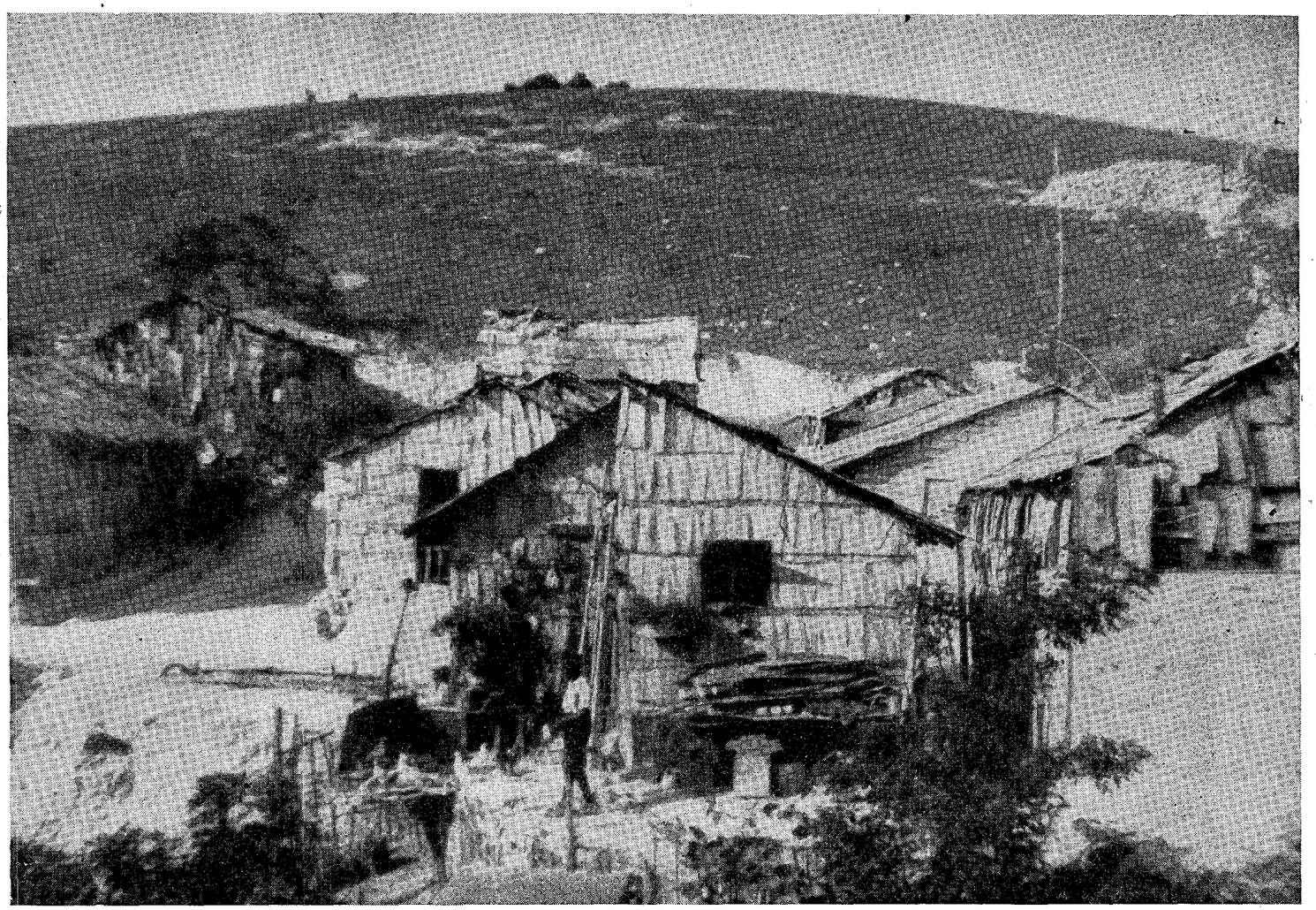

On the outskirts of Las Yaguas, an ever-growing village, whose population already numbers several thousand

with the workers they do not go to the civil authorities, but to the army officials; and so great is this military control that people are frequently afraid to talk in the presence of a soldier. The island is overrun with Batista's spies and it is a common phrase that when three people meet, one of them is a Batista agent. This, of course, is exaggerated, but the commonness of the phrase is an indication of the prevalent fear.

The military dictatorship and the clash between Batista and President Gomez for control has the island in a suppressed turmoil. The people do not know what is really happening and this uncertainty has developed a unique custom. When people meet, the first words after the greeting are, "What's the situation?" I asked one of my hosts why, especially in the interior, people greeted one another in this fashion. Was it, I asked, like our casual American phrase, "Well, how's things?"

"No," said my host, "we ask that because we know very little of what is going on. There is little information to be gotten through the newspapers or over the radio since both are under strict government censorship. Yes, I know," he added, noting my look, "there is a lot of talk about the return of the freedom of the press, but all the papers know better than to try to be too critical. The other day the editor of the *Mundo,* one of the most conservative newspapers in Cuba, was arrested because of an article criticizing Batista which appeared in his paper. He was released after questioning, but that gives you an idea of the freedom of the press in Cuba.

The uncertainty of what is happening, the definite knowledge that there is considerable unrest and dissatisfaction among the people, the knowledge that there are conspiracies going on within and without the army and the government, have turned Cuba into a land of rumors. Miguel Mariano Gomez and Batista have broken. Miguel Mariano is going to resign in protest against Batista's control. Batista is losing power and is worried. Soldiers have been executed because they were in a plot to overthrow Batista. Miguel Mariano and Batista have met in a love fest. The Spanish ambassador has called on Batista instead of Miguel Mariano and that shows who is running the country. At Cardenas three soldiers were executed and not a word of it appeared in the papers but So-and-so learned of it from So-and-so, whose brother is a corporal stationed in Cardenas. Batista is not sure that Cabana fortress in Havana is loyal to him. . . .

Everywhere the land is filled with whispered rumors. All you are conscious of is that there is tension in the air, a tension that belies the reports that Cuba has returned to democracy and a calm and peaceful solution of her troubled life. Cuba is calm today, but it is the calm that precedes the outbreak of a furious tropical storm.

Under the outward semblance of peace is the same bitterness and turmoil which produced the unprecedented wave of unrest that swept the land in 1935. It needs only a spark to set it off again, for despite the strikes which paralyzed Cuba during the various provisional governments which held office after Machado fled, the governments have made little effort to alleviate the conditions which caused the wave of unrest. Today there is a great deal of talk about a return to constitutional government, amnesty for the 3,000 political prisoners in ancient Spanish dungeons, reorganizing of the judicial system so as to develop the people's faith in the law courts, curbing the military dictatorship of Colonel Batista. But so far it has been all talk and the military dictatorship is strengthening its control.

Economically, the poverty of the people is just as great as, if not greater than, it has ever been. The Cuban peasant literally

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starves during the "dead season." When you visit the homes in the interior, time is turned back by centuries. Here, in huts built of dried palm leaves and bark they live as the ancient slaves, sleeping on the earth, cooking their black beans on a few stones or crossed bars of iron, emaciated, dirty, filthy, ragged, diseased—human beings driven to the level of animals by exploitation.

No one pays any attention to them once the brief busy season is over; and even when they work they are not given what the law requires. One of Gomez's predecessors, former President Grau San Martin, enacted an eight-hour law and a minimum wage of 80 cents a day. But though the laws are still on the books, no one enforces them. Many of the peasants have not even heard of these laws and those who have, know better than to ask their enforcement. When they are employed they are worked all hours and are paid from 20 to 40 cents a day. During the long months of the dead season they are left to shift for themselves.

At one hovel that I visited, I asked an emaciated old man how he managed to live during the dead season. He pulled from beneath a bundle of old and rotting bags, a small pot containing three dried ears of corn carefully wrapped up in bits of newspaper. This was all he had left from what he had been able to store away last year.

Everywhere I asked them how they lived during the months when there was no work and from no one could I get an answer.

"From the air," said one, motioning vaguely.

"From the fields," said another.

"We don't know, ourselves," said a third.

"But you manage to live," I persisted. "How?"

"They do not know," said my companion gently. "They really do not know. People who live from day to day never know how they manage to do it, how or where they pick up something to eat."

"They must have been better off when they were slaves," I said. "Then, at least, the master had an investment in them and had to feed them or lose his investment — as he feeds his horse now. Today no one seems to care whether they live or die. If they die there are always more workers to be found."

"Yes," said my companion, a little grimly. "They were better off when they were slaves. They are still slaves—and many of them realize it."

So much for the peasants. Before Batista's regime, there were some 300,000 organized workers. These have seen their unions destroyed. Those unions which are functioning had the teeth drawn from them by Mendieta's Decree No. 3, which provides for compulsory arbitration. The decree announces that the worker has the right to strike but—before doing so he must submit to arbitration or go to prison. Should the decision not be satisfactory, an appeal may be taken to another tribunal and should that not be satisfactory, to still another. Should all of these compulsory arbitrations prove unsatisfactory the workers may then strike.

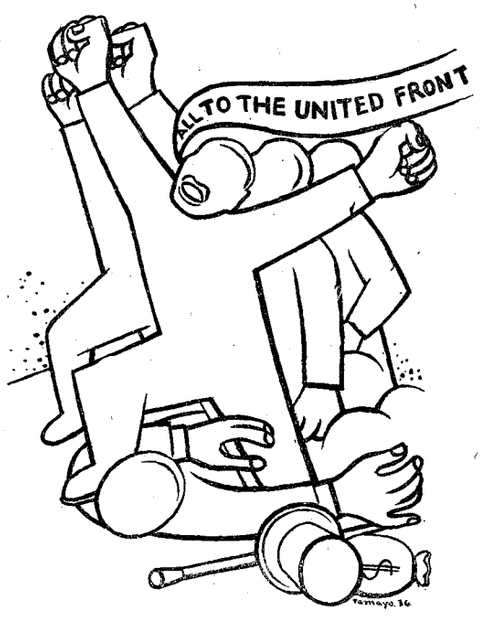
This is Decree No. 3 in theory. Practically, it has made the strike illegal. Cuban workers do not strike nowadays; they don't even try. In Havana, recently, workers in a shoe factory wanted to strike but didn't dare, so they hit upon what they thought was a swell idea. They made no demands; they asked for nothing. They simply quit work. If the employer wanted to bring in other workers, that was all right. But since the work was rather specialized, the employer didn't try to bring in other people. He went to the military instead, and two days after they quit, each worker was visited by a soldier who advised him that it would be a good idea to return to work. It was done very politely but the "or else" was there—and the workers went back. It was simply the drafting of labor by threat of imprisonment.

It was conditions like these that produced the violent clashes of previous years and these conditions still exist. I could find no prospect of change in the near future and the likelihood is that the now suppressed unrest will flame up again. How long it will be before this occurs is difficult to prophesy. Those who are in close touch with both labor and political groups shrug their shoulders when you ask. "Maybe two or three weeks; maybe two or three months," they say.

The situation today can be summarized as follows:

(1). The abrogation of the Platt Amendment formally deprived the United States of the right to land marines in Cuba, but the United States controls the island more effectively than ever before through the servile military dictatorship of Colonel Batista and by virtue of its economic stranglehold. Therefore, responsibility for Cuba's woes falls squarely upon the U. S. State Department and Ambassador Jefferson Caffery.

(2). Trade-union organization, which immediately following the overthrow of the Machado dictatorship had attained considerable strength and forced a general rise in wage scales, has, on the whole, been destroyed. The formerly powerful National Confederation of Labor has been forced into illegality. Arrests for mere membership in bona-fide trade unions are frequent, and because of this terror workers are fearful of joining.



Tamayo

(3). Gomez and Batista are directed by American capital working through the American embassy. The embassy, whose business it is to protect American investments of over one billion dollars, fully realizes that the conditions which caused the explosion in 1935 can cause another. Hence, the United States would like to see concessions granted to the people to prevent a similar explosion. These concessions must be granted by Gomez's regime through constitutional measures, but Batista sees in them a threat to his own power and the United States does not want to irritate him because Batista with his army is the most reliable guarantor of U. S. domination. It is now a question of who will come out on top in the clash between Batista and Gomez. But no matter who comes out the winner, trouble is bound to result because of the opposition of the vanquished group.

(4). The development of labor, as well as political, opposition depends in a great measure upon whether there will be a restoration of democratic rights. If a new Constitution is enacted, granting real democracy, and Batista's power is curbed, labor and political groups can make enormous strides. If, however, democratic rights are only partly granted, progress will be much more difficult. It is not even uncommon to find Cubans still talking of resorting to terrorism as a way out. The inclination toward this method of protest among certain groups was brought home to me one night when I had gone with a group of friends to a café. I must explain, however, that these friends of mine did not believe in the efficacy of individual acts of terrorism.

It was rather late and the place was deserted except for a small group sitting in a sort of arbor where we could not see them but could hear their voices. Two women in that group were singing, somewhat drunkenly, a wailing song and I could make out the refrain *"Pobre Cuba, pobre nacion"* at the end of each stanza. One of my friends, also a little lit, translated the song for me, the tears welling in his eyes.

"It is about Cuba," he explained. "It says 'Poor Cuba, poor nation.' Ah!"

"Why are all Cuban songs so sad, so wailing?" I asked. "They seem so defeatist. Haven't you any happy songs? All I've ever heard here are wails about how sorry you are for yourselves and your country. Are there no songs of hope?"

My friend drew himself up to his full height. "You do not understand the Cuban," he said with dignity. "The Cuban—he weeps when he throws the bomb."

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Camden's Lawless Courts

ALEXANDER KENDRICK

CAMDEN, N. J.

CAMDEN, city of Walt Whitman, shipbuilding, Campbell's Soup, and the biggest illegal brewery of the prohibition era, has no statue of Civic Virtue. After what happened here during the R.C.A.-Victor strike, and is happening here now, it can never have one.

The strike is over. The powerful forces which tried to break it failed. And now they have united in all their strength—the police, the courts, the banks, the corporations, the railroads—to smash down every vestige of unionism in the city. Their weapon is terrorism, brutality, abrogation of the simplest civil rights—in a word, organized lawlessness.

Four hundred and fifty persons were arrested during the strike on one or more of the following charges: disorderly conduct, suspicion of disorderly conduct (this is something new), inciting to riot, agitation (another meaningless local invention), attempt to kill, malicious mischief, riot, enticing to riot, assault and battery, simple assault, atrocious assault, threats to kill, and threats to do bodily harm.

"I've been practising for 20 years," remarked one lawyer to another in the courtroom, "and this is ground for the greatest series of false arrest suits I ever saw." The other lawyer agreed with him.

Of the remaining 230 arrested, 150 were fined sums ranging from $10 to $50. More than $3,500 was paid in fines by the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, the striking union.

Of the 450 arrests, 370 were disposed of in police court. But it is with the final eighty cases, arrests during the fourth and most violent week of the strike, that the story of the rape of civil liberties reaches its climax.

The chief actor is Justice Frank T. Lloyd, of the New Jersey Supreme Court. In spite of its impressive name, the Supreme Court is not the highest court in the state's antiquated juridical system. It corresponds to a state circuit court.

Justice Lloyd is seventy-six years old and an ardent member of the American Society for Psychical Research. He is the older brother of Horatio Gates Lloyd, a member of the Philadelphia firm of Drexel & Company, and since 1912 a partner in J. P. Morgan & Company. Justice Lloyd's son, Frank, Jr., married Alice Hulme, the daughter of Thomas W. Hulme, a vice-president and director of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Although now divorced, young Lloyd is still counsel for the P.R.R. in South Jersey. Justice Lloyd himself has long been known as "Pennsy's man."

The day the strike ended, several hundred strikers were holding a meeting in Johnson Park. Suddenly there was a concerted rush by thugs and police, and a wild free-for-all ensued. The strikers fought back, but they were no match for the clubs and revolver butts of the strong-arm men, and many were beaten down. On that day 124 persons were arrested. Of these, 105 were Philadelphians, either members of the Philco local or of one of the many Philadelphia unions which pledged their aid to the strikers. All were placed into the dungeon-like city jail overnight and denied access to counsel.

The next day Justice Lloyd came upon the stage. In an action unprecedented in Camden, he usurped the position of police magistrate, although this position is a municipal and not a state function, and began to hear the cases. Of the first twenty-nine he was forced to dismiss eighteen, including ten women, when the charges against them collapsed. But four men he held in the staggeringly—and illegally—high bail of $10,000 each. Two others had bail fixed at $5,000 each; another two at $4,000 each. Even the lawyers in the courtroom were thunderstruck.

Article VIII of the Bill of Rights, incorporated in the United States Constitution, reads:

"Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted."

Justice Lloyd, apparently unfamiliar with the basic law, declared in discharging the eighteen cases: "You took a chance on your lives in coming to Camden. An unsafe condition prevails in Camden today." There could be no more concise statement of policy from a court in a labor case.

That evening a band of 500 employes of the New York Shipyard, in Camden, members of the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, began a parade down Broadway, Camden's main street, to the R.C.A. plant, fully two miles away. They were carrying banners and placards, and were led by Powers Hapgood, bearing a poster which said: "Release the Prisoners."

At Kaighn Avenue, still two miles from the radio plant, the parade was halted by police, and when Hapgood explained that the shipyard workers were simply availing themselves of their right of petition, as provided in the Constitution, he was yanked out of line and arrested.

The charge against Hapgood was disorderly conduct, but at a preliminary hearing this was suddenly changed to engaging in a riot, and his bail was fixed at $5,000.

The only witness against him was Acting Sergeant James Wilson, who made the arrest. Following is the testimony at this point. The questioning is being done by Abraham Isserman, union counsel:

Q. Did you see a riot at that point?
A. No, sir.
Q. Did you?
A. No, sir.
Q. Yet you signed this complaint, didn't you?
A. I did.
Q. In which you say that Mr. Hapgood at this point engaged in a riot. You are under oath, aren't you, officer?
A. Yes.
Q. You say he did not engage in a riot at this point?
A. Yes.
Q. Yet you arrested him for engaging in a riot?
A. Yes.
Q. Do you now want to withdraw your complaint?
A. No, sir.
Q. You still have your sworn complaint there?
A. Yes.
Q. In view of your direct statement here, it isn't true?

At this point an objection was raised, and the question was withdrawn. Spectators who saw in the questioning a sure dismissal were astounded when the high bail was fixed, and Hapgood was led away to be photographed and fingerprinted. At the same hearing, Harry P. Harmer, head of the Camden local of the union, was held in $10,000 bail on a similar charge, on similarly lacking evidence.

In all, in that one day, 121 persons, including one girl whose arm had been fractured by a night-stick, were held in a total of $615,500 bail, a stupendous sum, obviously beyond the resources of the union, and obviously deliberately set to smash the strike.

Previously, bail in other cases had been set at $260,000, making a total of $875,500.

Until this point the people of Camden had been taking the strike matter-of-factly, not surprised at finding their judges on the same side they have always been found on.

But an appeal issued by the union brought home to them sharply what was taking place before their eyes, and was being concealed from them by the partisan reporting of their newspapers. This is the appeal, sent out over the signature of Joseph G. Mitton, head of the strike committee:

> We are issuing an appeal to the forces of law and order throughout the United States, to all the forces of organized labor, to the citizens of Camden, and to the citizens of the world, to help us. Our fight for decent wages, hours, and working conditions has become a fight for our very lives. What started as an organized protest on the part of a bona fide union with the specific sanction of the laws of the United States and this state has developed, due to the tactics of R.C.A. and the police authorities of Camden, into a battle for our fundamental rights as American citizens.

The response was immediate. A Citizens'

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Defense League was set up, its membership including the shipworkers' union, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Workers Alliance, the International Labor Defense, the Philadelphia Joint Labor Council, the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, the Retail Clerks Association, the International Protective Association, and the Committee for Industrial Organization.

There was a further winnowing out of strike cases as the city and county legal machinery continued grinding, until finally, as the strike ended, on Tuesday, July 21, eighty prisoners were being held under the total bail already mentioned, $875,000. Fifty-six of these, their bail totaling $690,000, were released in batches of one or two as friends, relatives, neighbors, and fellow union members put up whatever property they had as security, or paid bondsmen's fees.

Of the twenty-four remaining, including Hapgood and Harmer, the union decided to make a series of test cases, to find out whether the New Jersey courts would be upheld in their high-handedness by superior courts of law.

Justice Lloyd granted hearings for Hapgood, Harmer, and eighteen others, on the question of a reduction of bail.

Said the union's counsel: "Not only is the bail excessive but to hold a man on a charge of engaging in a riot where the complaining witness, under oath, says he was not engaging in a riot and did nothing, is unlawful. I ask for his [Hapgood's] absolute dismissal from custody."

> Prosecutor Orlando: Let me quote further from the arresting officer's testimony. "He [Hapgood] said they were standing on their constitutional rights and did not need a permit to parade. I told him they were heading into dangerous territory and there would likely be a riot. He said: 'If there is a riot, you fellows will start it.'"
>
> Attorney Isserman: This was a delegation that was coming to city hall to petition the city to release prisoners and to hold a meeting at the city hall. It was peaceful, it was quiet, and it was orderly.
>
> Orlando: These signs had a tendency to arouse sentiment to anything but order.
>
> Isserman: The prosecutor is stating something that is both unconstitutional and un-American. There is no law here on previous restraint. Because a police officer fears someone may make an offense is no ground for an arrest.

Justice Lloyd, waving all argument aside: "This is one of the most serious cases yet to come before me today. There is no mistaking the intent or meaning of signs of that character ["Release the Prisoners"]. They were not a petition or a plea. I feel that the bail was very moderate. I refuse to change it."

At another of the hearings the following dialogue took place:

> Isserman: Since yesterday we have been trying to find out the charges on which these men were arrested, but were unable to do so.
>
> *Justice Lloyd: Is that important?*
>
> Isserman: I think it is.

One policeman, Inspector John Wilkie, told the court bluntly he had been given orders to arrest all Philadelphians at the strike scene, whether they were doing anything or not. One man, Joseph Baker, seated in his car, refused to move. "Anyone who obstructs traffic," pompously remarked Justice Lloyd, "is engaged in an unlawful enterprise. Bail is $4,000."

Police Chief Colsey explained his arrest orders thus: "A number of automobiles containing Philadelphians were halted and their occupants arrested. I feel these persons had malicious intent and they were not arrested because they had caused disorder but were taken into custody to prevent them from committing any disturbance." One lawyer in the courtroom pointed out that this was an old Nazi custom.

JUSTICE Lloyd, explaining his share in the business, declared: "I want it made clear that I have not given nor do I have the authority to give the police or city officials any orders. When my advice is sought I try to do what I think is best for the community as a whole. Chief Colsey did ask my advice in handling the strike situation and I did advise him in regard to it."

With no satisfaction to be gained in Justice Lloyd's court, the union moved to the federal courts, and secured writs in three test cases, including Hapgood's, ordering the warden of the jail to show cause why the prisoners should not be released. This was an attempt to win lower bail, and also to have Justice Lloyd's actions repudiated by a federal judge. Federal Judge William Clark, at Newark, hearing the cases, reduced the bail drastically.

"It is unwise," Judge Clark said in announcing his decision, "to attempt to use the courts in a labor dispute, to try to make them take sides, regardless of the merit. I think that was done in Camden. Of course, I may not be fully informed about that."

In Hapgood's case the court said he had looked at the record of the hearing in Camden and that there was "not a shred of evidence of rioting."

Meanwhile, however, the twenty-four men in jail organized a protest of their own against the illegality of their imprisonment, and began a hunger strike. For two days they touched no food, and when news of this action reached the outside world the Citizens' Defense League was swamped with pledges of support. An aroused public sentiment, working through the Philco union and several other Philadelphia unions, as well as the organizations already mentioned, in the incredibly short time of two days actually raised $185,000 in bail, posted it, and had the twenty-four men released.

One fact which may have escaped attention in passing is that this undermining of civil rights took place in simple form during the strike, but that the subtle attack of the courts, backed by the financial and political interests of the county, state and nation, did not come until after a settlement had been reached, and the strikers, their demands met, were going back to work. This is more than strikebreaking, then. It is deliberate repression, outright crushing of fundamental rights. It is the feeling of a great many union members, now that the strike is over, to forget it. It is the feeling of a large portion of Camden's population, including her civic leaders, to do the same—let bad enough alone. Why, then, has all this repression been unloosed?

The point is that this was more than a strike at a single radio manufacturing plant. Camden is today the very center of industrial unionism in the United States. The United Mine Workers, our strongest industrial union, is not localized; it covers a dozen states. In one-industry towns, like Akron and Detroit, one industrial union is involved. But Camden, linked to Philadelphia, the country's third largest city, is more than a one-industry town. It has three nationally known and important industrial plants, the R.C.A.-Victor Company, the Campbell's Soup factory, and New York Shipyard. There are other important plants, such as Esterbrook Pen and Hollinshead Paint, in the city.

These things frighten Camden's overlords and political bosses, but they are of more than local significance. Esterbrook and Hollinshead, for instance, are ripe for industrial organization. Each victory makes each succeeding victory surer.

Although John L. Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organization is chiefly occupied with steel at the moment, it has had a hand in every move made in Camden. It recognizes that here is the battleground in American labor today. It was the C.I.O. that sent Powers Hapgood into Camden.

This, then, is the first fight the C.I.O. has had, and the nature of the battle has made it plain that those who oppose unionism will beat it down with every resource at their command. Lloyd is not speaking for himself alone, for Camden, or for the Pennsylvania Railroad, or for the Camden First National Bank, when he speaks as he has spoken in these cited cases, and sets $10,000 and $15,000 bail for minor offenses. He is speaking for the rulers of America.

They, of course, will continue to do as they have done in Camden, but each time they do so the masses of workers whom they are fighting will grow in number. Powers Hapgood, released from jail, was also speaking not for himself alone, when he declared:

> This is the battleground. This fight in Camden will continue until not only the R.C.A. plant but all other industries are organized vertically. From here we move out over the country. We are already in steel. We will go into rubber, and cement, and automobiles. What has happened in Camden is not a defeat. We expect that its effect upon industrial unionism in other parts of the country will be vitalizing. You can tell your judges and your cops and your magnates that we know a little history—we are just beginning to fight.

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Who Backed the Spanish Revolt?

ROGER ABBOTT

THE fascist uprising in Spain immediately provided the Hearst newspapers with an opportunity to inflate their campaign against the People's Front. Headlines shrieked, "Spain beats Reds!" More five-star finals and we may expect Hearst to grow maudlin over the fate of the rebel army officers. He will weep for those who thirsted for the blood of Spanish workers and peasants and are being crushed by the majestic movement of the People's Front. But a brief analysis of the insurgent forces and an understanding of the motives behind their attempted coup will prevent Americans from joining Hearst in this melancholy mourning.

The revolt in Spain is led by military chieftains who are striving to preserve the country for the interests of the nobles and the bankers, the industrialists and the church. Each group has contributed its share, either in spiritual or financial support, in order to reimpose a feudal regime.

The Catholic Church hovers over the whole fascist movement. No other branch of that international institution could vie with the Spanish clergy in the luxury of its establishment. The Spanish priests have never performed any valid social function. Never have they concerned themselves with the welfare of the people. A monopoly of the educational system gave them control of the young; the power of tradition bound the women to the parishes. In October 1934 they spurred the Moors to massacre miners in the Asturias; in recent days the friars have themselves joined the ranks of the rebel soldiers. Since the victory of the People's Front in February they have carried their relentless battle against the republic into the tiniest village. Peasants were warned that Communism was approaching, and with it the nationalization of women. The republic tried to secularize education, to effect that absolute division between church and state which has been one of the fundamental principles of all democracies. But through illegal machinations the Catholic teaching orders, the short robes and long robes, have held fast to their last stronghold, the control of public instruction.

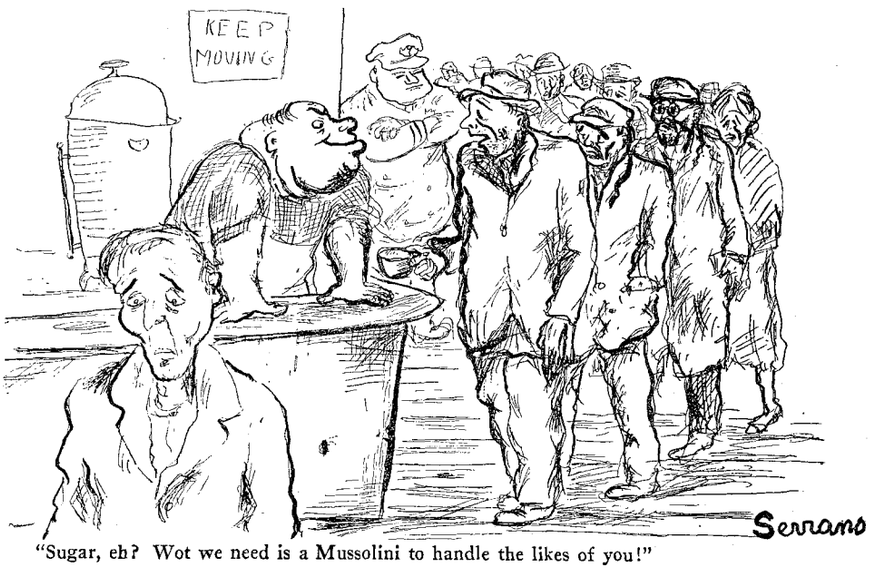
Every king of Spain attempted to expel the Jesuits from the kingdom. Yet they have remained the secret force behind the church, sometimes more powerful than the official clergy itself. Under no regime in the whole history of Spain did the Jesuits exert as much power as was allotted to them during the reactionary interlude of the modern Spanish republic, from November 1933 through February 1936. They dominated the banks along the Calle de Alcala in Madrid. After the triumph of the People's Front, the Jesuits did not often show themselves on the streets of the capital. When they did, it was to scurry in and out of the gigantic gates of the Banco Central and the Banco Urquijo. The Voltairean cry, *"Ecrasez l'infame!"* still resounds through Spain.

If one enters a church in a large city, approaches the altar, and watches the cleric perform the ritual in a bored perfunctory manner while the great Gothic edifice is empty of all except a few old women shrouded in black, one understands the meaning of this decadent institution. Having lost all of its spiritual force, the church has clung desperately to its institutional and economic powers. Now that the republican government threatens these, the church is eager to use any agent in order to maintain itself. In Burgos, the stronghold of General Mola's rebel army, priests are described as raising open palms in a fascist salute when they enter the portals of the ancient cathedral. Only a few days ago, monks were caught at the border by a government inspector who found millions of pesetas beneath their cowls. This does not prevent the Vatican from announcing that it takes no sides in the civil war in Spain!

With the church stand the grandees, bearers of ancient titles, who have of late displayed them by preference in Paris and London. They dallied too long in the gardens of Cytherea and found that their hunting estates were being divided up among the people who were hungry and needed land to cultivate. Many of the wiser nobles transferred all their fluid capital to foreign banks and began to reveal an Olympian indifference to the tribulations of the Spanish people. The more foolish members of their class, however, were caught in the web of government restrictions against the export of the peseta and were forced to resort to the hazards of trafficking in contraband. These suffering patriots, for whom the reactionary press gathered a relief subscription, these "victims of Marxist terror," pooled their resources with the gold of the Jesuits to pay for the modern mercenaries of Generals Franco and Goded. These nobles could not understand the language of their agricultural laborers who, under the influence of revolutionary propaganda, and freed from the fetters of the church, were beginning to demand higher wages than one or two pesetas a day. The aristocrats sensed that they were members of a dying class, but their dreams of former grandeur enticed them to throw in their lot with this last attempt to save the remnants of their fortune. It must not be imagined that the Left republican government of recent months took excessively militant measures to uproot them. In the antechambers of the ministries one still came upon them discussing tax problems.

Some members of the capitalist and industrialist classes were more conscious of the dangers which confronted their reactionary dominion than the decrepit nobles. A whole group of *contrabandistas,* of whom Juan March is the most notorious, made fortunes by devious means during the World War. Their wealth has since been sanctified by the church. And when a Left republican government sought to tax these fortunes with new levies on incomes, the financial speculators always managed to find means of exemption.

When railroad workers threatened a general strike for higher wages, the capitalists realized that their stocks would soon be less profitable. Their anger reached new heights



"Sugar, eh? Wot we need is a Mussolini to handle the likes of you!"

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when the Quiroga government's labor boards of arbitration imposed heavy fines upon employers who refused to accept its decisions after long-drawn-out strikes. Stubborn employers were actually imprisoned for a few days. To save themselves from the People's Front program, they determined to put an end to a democracy which had enacted this elementary social legislation.

They held the instruments of attack in their hands. Reduce the workers to despair and alienate them from the republican regime. A construction strike in Madrid was protracted for weeks, until workers began to roam the streets begging. In small towns employers formed secret associations with solemn oaths not to give work. Lands lay untilled while peasants were forced to wander in idleness over the countryside. In some cities manufacturers simply closed down their shops and drove the workers into the streets. Spain had almost a million unemployed. The employers were deliberately laying the groundwork for a fascist uprising and a military dictatorship.

Old Primo de Rivera, weakened by debauch, had died in exile. His son was ready to carry on the dictatorial tradition with new vigor. Money for his fascist organization, the Spanish Phalanx, came from the church, the nobility, and the financiers. In puerile imitation of Hitler's National Socialism, young José Primo de Rivera called his party "national syndicalism" to conceal its true character. But whom could they enlist in their party? The Phalanx had ample funds but no mass base. University students, in Spain generally the scions of the upper classes, joined José Primo de Rivera's forces. Priests of Navarre influenced a good portion of the small peasant proprietors of the district to raise their arm in a fascist salute. The clubs of the *señoritos,* where the sons of the rich played cards and drank cognac, became centers of fascist propaganda. But these idlers were incapable of any discipline; their secret organization could not compare with its German prototype. Royalist newspapers regularly printed photographs of Hitler and grew ecstatic over the triumphs of Mussolini in Ethiopia. This was a frantic attempt to rouse the lethargic spirits of the *señoritos.* The most recent half-hearted adherents to the fascist cause, disillusioned intellectuals like Miguel de Unamuno, were no decisive force.

Themselves incapable of action, clerics, nobles, capitalists, and fascist students turned to the army as their savior. Many retired military men longed for the good old days of Primo de Rivera, when they were the most respected figures in Spanish society. They railed at the intellectuals and lawyers who now occupied the highest offices of the state, once the sinecures of army men. Their feudal aspirations were an anachronism in a country where, since the World War, centers such as Barcelona, Bilbao, Seville, and Madrid have assumed a fully developed capitalist form. They strutted about like Prussian officers surrounded by obedient servants. For who but they could discipline this "anarchical" Spanish people? By marriage, tradition, and personal relations the army officers have remained in contact with the clergy, the nobility, and the capitalists. This reactionary clique would make short work of the agrarian reform, progressive education, sanitation in the villages, and any amelioration in the condition of the working classes.

Calvo Sotelo, the monarchist leader, whom I interviewed a short time before his assassination, told me he was a fascist, and expounded his doctrine of the state. He said his ideal was a cross between the Portuguese and the Italian models. He explained that the new Spanish system of collective bargaining was ruining the employers and that they would defend themselves against it.

"True," he observed, "the workers are not fascists yet. But once fascism comes into power, the whole labor movement will join."

The frown which covered his face left no doubt in my mind as to the methods which the fascists would employ in order to achieve this doctrinal transformation.

The activities of the rebel armies in the few sectors which they have captured in the present conflict indicate the slaughter which would take place in Madrid and Barcelona should they gain control. The Foreign Legion practised wholesale murder of prisoners during the war against the Riff. Civil Guards mercilessly mowed down miners of the Asturias in 1934. Now reports from rebel headquarters describe the cruelty with which the insurgents wreak vengeance upon all defenders of the republic.

From my direct contact with fascist leaders in Spain, a decadent and desperate lot of adventurers intent upon saving a social order which history has doomed to extinction, I am convinced that should Spain be cursed with a fascist victory, there would follow a series of dire consequences not for Spain alone but for the forces of progress throughout Europe and the rest of the world.

To begin with, the *señoritos,* like all representatives of a degenerate social system, would stop at nothing to consolidate their power. They would shed blood profusely, murdering with the ruthlessness of their Nazi mentors not only workers and peasants but also those lawyers and teachers whose intellects are to them as reprehensible as their republican sentiments. Then the fascists, again like their Nazi models, would throw Spain back to cultural barbarism, imposing a Hitler-like death upon art, literature, and thinking.

Finally, the triumph of the reaction would render Spain a base of operations for German and Italian fascism, anxious to encircle the France of the People's Front, and to goad Europe into a sanguinary war whose monstrous consequences would eventually roll across every country in the world, including our own.

Weirton: Feudal Domain

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WEIRTON, W. VA.

CAN this be America, 1936? Whole towns composed of nothing but houses, predominantly matchbox houses, a few churches and food stores and bleak little shops flaunting a dowdy silk dress or so. Communities without a hotel, much less a library; without one-tenth enough telephones or half enough bathrooms, much less a lecture hall or orchestra; nude, hot towns with hardly a tree, much less a park or flower. No, it must be eighteenth-century industrial England or a faked Hearst photo for a Soviet horror yarn.

But look across the land to the mill- and tipple-bound horizons. Yes, it is America, 1936. Nowhere else such rich colors of natural abundance and industrial development. Green knolls and vales giving up coal, and blue rivers sweeping past roaring red and black mills with rusty hills of ore piled beside them, to make steel, to make modern civilization's hard bright base. And occasionally beside the bold old stacks and blast furnaces and fire-showering Bessemer converters, a new mill rising for ever more ingenious machines to make and to mold more and better steeel.

Over all, there hovers the incubus of the feudal omniscience of the masters living somewhere in Pittsburgh's suburb, Sewickley, or on Long Island; or taking their ease, here in Weirton, in a manorial clubhouse on the heights looking down upon the fief as in the days of Ivanhoe. Their flunkeys' every word and gesture underscores their contempt for social progress, for modern social and political institutions.

The methods of intimidation are pretty much the same everywhere, but Weirton has devised certain extra-special features.

Weirton is one of six National Steel Corporation plants. It is something of a pace-setter in the one big bosses' union, the Iron and Steel Institute, for its chairman is Ernest T.

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Weir, palm-holder for defiance of the NRA. Did not Weir make use of New Deal agencies first to stall a strike and later to obtain a settlement followed by wholesale blacklisting to bust the union? Weir was an aggressive leader, too, in the subsequent resort through the courts to the "unconstitutionality" challenge to the statutory right to organize. He is more. He is a political as well as a labor policy-maker for his fellow reactionaries of industry and finance—a member of the national executive committee of the American Liberty League, national Republican finance committeeman, one of the prompters at the Cleveland convention.

And though some sixteen thousand people live here, yet Weirton is not a town at all. It is unincorporated! That means the company pays no local taxes, which probably halves its total. It means the people must look to the company for the upkeep of their streets, for garbage disposal, for any number of public needs. A thrifty arrangement for the mills. What little out-of-pocket expense it calls for is nothing in relation to the tax-saving, and the grip it gives the company upon the community. Spend a couple of days in Weirton, however, and you conclude it offers even more significant benefits to the company. It gives carte blanche to thugs, private police, and provocateurs. The only law enforcement officers around the town are two squires and five deputies under the Hancock county sheriff. It is against state law for a citizen to carry a weapon without a permit, but Weir's private police are armed. Besides, Weirton runs into the town of Holiday's Cove, incorporated before Weirton grew up round the mills, although it has only 6,500 citizens. Oddly enough its police operate in Weirton also, at least when Weir needs them. That was arranged under a West Virginia act giving them jurisdiction within a radius of five miles of Holiday's Cove limits.

A Democratic office-holder explained matters succinctly, saying complacently, "Everybody breaks the laws around here. The Weirton Steel Company breaks 'em. What laws? All of 'em. You name me a law and I'll tell you who breaks it. See that man riding down the street—?"

Pointing through his own second-story window crudely lettered, DANIEL FERGUSON, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, the Squire singled out an auto moving below on the main street. He said the driver was a big politician and merchant and never bought a chicken, but got them from a gang of thieves who stole them for him out of the farmers' coops.

"Yeah," the Squire philosophized, "the laws are bound to be broken. There are too damn many of them."

He volunteered that the mills "own" the other, the Republican, Squire, but considered himself "neutral," in the organizing contest as always. He wanted to make it plain that E. T. Weir wasn't involved in local plant affairs.

"This plant's really run by the Weirton company president, T. E. Millsop," the Squire went on. "He's exactly my age and a good friend of mine. Last time I saw him I told him I'm going to run for sheriff and he said he would support me. I said, 'Well, Tom, while I'm talking to you, I might as well say I expect to get union support.' And Tom said, 'Why, that's all right, Dave, I'll still support you. I know how it is when you're in politics.'"

I kept asking him to be more specific about lawbreaking. Was the Wagner Labor Relations Act disregarded?

"That," he said, "is one law I never had a chance to look into." Of course, it is a federal law, but in case of a strike to enforce its legal guarantee of collective bargaining, the Squire might have to do with peaceful mass picketing. What was his attitude toward mass picketing? He replied, "I really don't know the law on that."

SEVERAL weeks ago the Steel Workers Organizing Committee sent Organizer Kramer into Weirton and he was railroaded out. He stepped into Holiday's Cove for a quiet meeting with the workers. On the main street two cops stopped him, "Mr. Kramer?" and told him the Mayor wanted to see him. He went along with them. Mayor C. F. Cattrell "warned" the organizer that if he hung around, he would be sorry, he would be "messed up." Kramer was not impressed. When he got back to his hotel across the river in Steubenville, Ohio, however, eight men walked in, surrounded him, and took him to a train. Since then an ugly rumor spread: Kramer was just yellow! Nobody went into his hotel, the workers were told, no employe of the establishment would say he saw anyone. Fortunately, the SWOC forces in Pittsburgh have the evidence. Not only was Kramer taken out by eight men, but three of them were gentlemen from that famous strike-breaking agency, Railway Audit and Inspection, Director Clinton Golden said. Moreover, there is a very good reason why the hotel employes say nothing. The hotel, like almost everything else, is owned partly by Weirton and Wheeling Steel!

Holiday's Cove Police Chief Joseph Kerr told me he didn't "arrest" Organizer Kramer —he just "picked him up and brought him up to see what the Mayor wanted." He said, "Sure it's customary to pick people up like that. When any stranger comes around here we find out what's his business. Holiday's Cove is not like Weirton. We don't tolerate any crime around here. Up there things aren't the best." I asked him why he didn't go after crime in Weirton, since one of his cops went in to arrest Organizer Kovalski. He replied casually that they go into Weirton "only in cases of emergency." Other queries he met with, "Ask the Mayor."

So I spoke to the Mayor. He was brutally blunt. He said: "I knew Kramer was here and I knew the community was hostile to him and somebody would clean up on him. That's the attitude of the mill workers. They don't want any organizer in here, and I know if any organizer comes around, he's going to get messed up."

"You mean an organizer is likely to be set upon, is subject to physical violence?" I asked the Mayor. He replied, "I say an organizer is about as welcome down here as a tomcat in a bulldog's kennel, and if he stays I'll not guarantee what'll happen to him. I'll warn him, that's all. That's all I did to Kramer."

I had talked with many Weirton workers, and found exactly none hostile to the industrial union. Afraid of the bosses many were, but not hostile to the union. That did not impress Mayor Cattrell, however. Nor did a reminder that the Constitution requires him to exercise his police power to protect life —even an organizer's life. He told me coldly, "I can't do that. I've only four policemen for Holiday's Cove with 6,500 people."

"Isn't it odd you can't spare a cop to *protect* an organizer in your town, but you can send them outside to *get* one?"

"Why, that was only a few inches out of the city limits of Holiday's Cove," was the Mayor's answer, "or maybe they got him inside Holiday's Cove."

Wishing to feel certain the Mayor realized what he was saying I asked again whether he refused to prevent physical violence to organizers. He merely rephrased, "I say the sentiment is hostile. If organizers persist in coming in here, and get messed up, that's their trouble."

"But they have a legal right to go in to organize. You recognize that, Mayor?"

"No, it's not illegal. But if you go into somebody's house and they don't want you there, I can't be responsible."

"That's hardly the same thing as walking the streets, organizing. Any worker who doesn't want to join the union only has to say so."

"It's not the same thing and yet it is the same too," the Mayor responded. "You know, you hear a lot about organized labor. Well, we don't want it in here. They were in here about two years ago, and how long did it take to throw it overboard?"

"Why are you so sure something will happen to organizers?" I asked. "What made you so sure something would happen to Kramer?"

"How do you know," the Mayor countered, "that the sun is going to rise tomorrow?"

Nor is there any necessity to wonder how Weirton expects to conduct the "messings-up." Both Holiday's Cove and Weirton are plastered with big red and white placards. In every little shop window you see: "WE SUPPORT THE WEIRTON STEEL EMPLOYES SECURITY LEAGUE BECAUSE WEIRTON EMPLOYES SUPPORT US." You might think the whole town opposed the union, for in the name of the so-called "Employes Security League," its leader issued anti-union statements to the

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press. The Employes' Security League, said its leader, passed around a pink sheet declaring that in view of "unrest" which "is being brought about by the efforts of the CIO to organize the steel workers into one vast union under the leadership of John L. Lewis," the undersigned would "vigorously" oppose any effort "to disturb the present satisfactory conditions." The company announced that precisely 99.6 percent of its workers signed, thus becoming members of the Security League.

I talked to some people about it. A small business man who had the placard in his window said: "They just brought it in and told me to leave it there. I didn't know what it was, but I knew that if I didn't put it up I would be in trouble. You know, the company formed a Chamber of Commerce some months ago, and if you don't do as they say, they will put the screws on, even though there are just about thirty-five business men in the Chamber of Commerce."

Along the main street I stopped and talked with a dozen or more millhands. Only they did not talk, they whispered. They told me the "company representatives," as they judiciously termed the company's men in the company union—and some distinguished between those and the company union representatives who try to introduce a might of trade unionism into the setup—came around and demanded their signatures, with their department and check numbers. In some cases men were called into the office one by one and told to sign.

"Where can I find the head of the Security League?" I asked one worker.

"Humph," he grunted contemptuously. "Don't know."

"Are you a member of the League?"

"No."

"Did you sign the statement it put out?"

"Yes."

"Then aren't you a member?"

"No. Is no League. We have no meeting. They come around and say, 'Sign.' I ask if it means we don't get no increase in wages and they say, no, it only means you don't want the outside union."

"Are you opposed to the outside union?"

"No."

"Then why did you sign?"

"If not," the worker smiled, "boss put eye on you. First chance comes along, fire you."

"Do you expect to join the industrial union?" I asked him. He replied swiftly. "Yes. And when everybody strike, I go too. And I stick! Even if I be the last one back to work. Like I did in 1933."

A group of three, one after the other, standing on a corner waiting for the whistle, said, "We're ready—just waiting for the organizer." A Negro youth on a bus declared, "The Company will be sorry they made us sign, because we signed one way but we'll do another."

"You mean you're for the industrial union?"

"Certny," he flashed a smile.

"But you signed the League statement?"

"We had to," he said, "but that don't mean we ain't joining the union."

"You yourself—are you joining?"

"Certny," he flashed again.

These words—in a town so terror-ridden that union organizers, working secretly, cautioned me against returning. Talk to officials once, they said, and you are marked. I did come in again, and once more, when opportunity offered, the workers spoke up for the union.

I FOUND the head of the Security League, Jack Larkin—the head of the company union. For his company-union functions, Larkin is paid $25 a month extra, plus "operating expenses" of 50 cents per man voting in company-union elections, and, he commented, "It's worth it." He is a tough-spoken big Irishman, a roller who was promoted just about the time they fired Mel Moore, in February 1935. Moore had been a roller also, one of the most highly skilled and highly paid in the industry. But then, Moore was a Democrat and said so when asked about it in a "safety" meeting in the mills, and Moore was a leader in the Amalgamated Association and in the rank and file A. A. movement that gave impetus to the present drive.

Larkin was very busy in company-union headquarters, located in the company's "industrial relations" building. As you go in there, you see a door bearing instead of the name of a union or of a wage committee, the prophetic legend, "Recreation and Athletics."

He related proudly that he himself formed the Security League at "a mass meeting of company union representatives," from three National Steel plants. He said, "I invited the men." I asked him why. He replied. "They wanted to know whether we'd stand back and let this union drive go through or whether we wouldn't. They wanted something to offset this Lewis drive."

Was "they" the management, or the men? Larkin said it was the latter, but when pressed on the point, passed the buck: "Other company-union representatives would come around to me and tell me the men were complaining to them. They wanted protection."

"You don't really think anyone will believe the workers are afraid of the organizers, do you?"

"They are afraid!" he exclaimed. Then, after an instant's scrutiny, he added belligerently, "And they're perfectly well satisfied now. They can run things for themselves. They don't need coal miners coming in here."

"If that's the case," I asked him, "why do you need the Security League to 'offset' the Lewis drive?"

Larkin was getting sore. He retorted with asperity, "That's the Security League members' business." Then he whispered dramatically, "What would you think if I told you a coal miner was caught here last night with a gun on him!"

The League has called no meetings of the workers, Larkin continued. "Why, it would be simply physically impossible to get them all together." No, the Security League won't take up wage questions or other grievances. Then what will it do? What's the difference between the League and the company union?

"Why," he specified, "in the Security League men are banded together for their own protection. The way it'll work is this: if the organizer comes around to your house, you can get in touch with someone, and he can get in touch with someone else, and they can get in touch with me and we can furnish protection."

The union men are using two anti-espionage tactics. In addition to isolating and exposing the stool pigeons, they seek, in the words of an organizer, "to make the company wonder about its own stooges—and we are doing it, too." Two organizers who followed Kramer and Kovalski into this territory are still not making themselves known generally; they want to move freely among workers, completing the building of mill committees and the signing up of a fair number, before beginning their open campaign. It is no secret to the mills that Mel Moore, the wound-striped rank and file leader, remains friendly to the union drive. They have had his little gas station under surveillance off and on ever since Moore opened it, in Steubenville. I sat inside one evening waiting to see a CIO Organizer. I couldn't talk to him then, however. He just drove in, got his gas, and rolled on like any other customer. Moore detected a watcher parked across the street.

"Yep, there he is," Moore said. "Funny what a good job he keeps in the mills, though he never works at it. He never bought a gallon of gas here until this organization started. Now he's awful friendly—so friendly I can hardly make a move."

This is old stuff to Moore. From the beginning the mill boycotted his station. Men were called into the office and asked why their license numbers were seen at Moore's. He noticed, also, some new neighbors—a young couple who were continually at the window of the house next door. He took an old license plate, nailed it up directly opposite the window, and painted on it: PLEASE GET NUMBERS. Within two days the neighbors disappeared.

Finally the spotter departed and workers on their way to the midnight turn dropped in and began to talk about the mills and the union. To unity they look for decent homes and a Frigidaire and radio and car that are paid for, and for freedom from political coercion. And for education for their children, Mel Moore said, and for some security.

"If the union don't come this time," he said, lifting a hand minus a finger lost sometime during his twenty-odd years in the rolling mills, "then I say God pity the nation. But they can't stop it—nohow."

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Student Unity on a World Scale

RICHARD PACK

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

AN event of historic importance took place here last week, but the inhabitants of this sleepy country town were too concerned with conventions of the British Medical Association and the Oxford Group to pay much attention to the proceedings of the Fifth Congress of the International Federation of Socialist Students. While M.D.'s debated the ethics of poison-gas warfare and Buchmanites hosannaed spiritual regeneration as mankind's salvation, Socialist students of twelve countries cast off the sectarian shell of their organization and by voting for organic unity with the International Commission of Communist Students, laid the base for a strong mass organization which will unite students in all countries in the struggle against fascism and war and for a new social order.

Delegates at the Congress represented France, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, England, Denmark, Germany, Norway. From Austria, at great personal risk, came students to tell of the underground fight against fascism. Observers were present from Spain, Australia, British India, and the United States.

On the first day of the Congress the choice before the delegates was bluntly put by Joseph Lash, Executive Secretary of the American Student Union, who was present in a dual capacity as head of the American observers and as a Socialist and member of the executive bureau of the IFSS. "The real decision," he declared, "is whether the IFSS is to be a debating society or will create a significant international student movement that will keep the students from fascism."

The delegates were generally agreed that in the ten years of its existence the IFSS had failed to win a mass following. Tragic proof of this was the almost complete destruction of the Austrian and German organizations, once the strongest sections of the IFSS. Further evidence was the membership total—roughly 7000.

There was disagreement, however, as to how reform of the organization was to be effected. Perplexing problems were: disaffiliation from the youth section of the Second International; the correct approach to non-Socialist, non-Communist students; unity with the Communists.

In their response to these problems the delegates reflected all the various conflicting and contradictory forces existing within the Socialist Party today. The Danish delegates and one of the Czechs were Social Democrats of the old school, stubbornly refusing to unite with the Communists and threatening to pull their organization out of the IFSS if disaffiliation from the Second International and unity with the Communists were voted. The majority of the French delegation was Trotskyite in ideology, and while paying lip service to unity, they were obstructionists, continually slandering the Communists and the USSR. It was one of this faction who caused the biggest laugh of the Congress:

"The Communists exhibit counter-revolutionary tendencies," he thundered. "If you saw the Bastille Day demonstration, you observed that they marched behind bourgeois organizations; that they dressed their young girls in white dresses and had them carry signs saying 'Respect Young Girls,' that they advocated maintaining bourgeois family relations!"

IN SHARP contrast to the revolutionary phrase-mongers were the British and the Belgians, who fought vigorously for organic unity and broadening of the IFSS. "Two factions oppose unity and extension of the IFSS," a Belgian told the Congress, "reformists like the Czech delegate and the Trotskyites."

The chief factors influencing the final decisions of the Congress, particularly on unity, were the achievements of the Soviet Union, the success of the People's Front in Spain and France, and the experience of the American student movement.

Although without a vote, the Americans played an important role in the Congress, especially since Lash constantly stressed the need for unity between Communist and Socialist students. The achievement of the united American student organization in building a membership of 20,000 in six months and in leading an anti-war strike of 500,000 students deeply impressed the delegates. Moreover, Lash emphasized that this was accomplished by an organization based upon an appeal to the immediate demands and needs of the students. There had existed among certain delegates a tendency to discredit the American student movement, because it was non-political and without revolutionary slogans. "We have no apologies to make for our organization," Lash told the

"The Oxford Movement? It's perfectly swell—just like playing 'Truth or Consequences'!" *Thelma Kathan*

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Congress. "In fact we've a lot to teach you!"

The English delegation re-enforced this statement and told of the rapid growth of their own University Labor Federation since the recent amalgamation of Socialist and Communist student organizations. The Spanish observer described the success of the united Spanish students.

The final appeal for unity was made to the Congress by Albert, one of the three representatives of the Communist International Student Commission who attended the Congress. As the time for the vote neared, the leftists of the French delegation saw that the sentiment of the Congress was for unity, and hopped on the band wagon. The vote was twenty-three to six for unity, with the old guard from Czechoslovakia and Denmark stubborn to the last.

Under the provisions of the unity resolution, the proposal for organic unity is to be submitted to the national sections of the IFSS. At the same time, a unification commission is to be set up by the Congress which has the task of convoking an international congress of unification within the year, which shall decide the form of organizational unity and the political orientation of the united student organization.

The Congress also drew up a proposed pact which is to serve as the basis of discussion among the national sections. One of the sections of this pact declares that the IFSS "greets the economic and cultural progress of the USSR and undertakes to popularize among the students the scientific achievements of the USSR."

Next to the unity resolution in importance was the act of the Congress in voting for collaboration with non-Socialist students in colonial and semi-colonial countries in their struggle for national liberation. This marks the first time that an organization such as the IFSS has recognized the necessity for unity of Socialist students with those of Cuba, Egypt, India, and other colonial countries where students are fighting the imperialist Powers.

There were many problems which were sidetracked by the Congress. Among them were affiliation of the Soviet students; the necessity of working among students in the high schools, a form of activity, as the Americans pointed out, neglected by the European Socialists; the approach to the bourgeois non-revolutionary students. Lash, in an excellent report on "The Material Conditions of Students," demonstrated that students hostile and indifferent to socialism can be won over in the course of becoming involved in the struggle for immediate demands such as free schooling, reduced tuition fees, student relief, scholarships, student cooperatives. The report was enthusiastically received but in the course of the fight for unity was unfortunately neglected. It is apparent, however, that these questions will be thrashed out at the unity congress.

The Congress was discouraging in that it failed to take a definite stand on the war problem. Two resolutions were introduced: one, by the French, Trotskyite in tone, was against cooperation with the League of Nations, military defense of the Soviet Union, etc.; the other, introduced by the Belgians, called for collective security, defense of the Soviet Union, etc. The vote was split 17-17, with the result that the war resolutions were referred to the national sections.

An even greater failure of the Congress was that it delayed the possible affiliation of the American Student Union. Lash pointed out to the Congress that the ASU desired to affiliate with a world student organization but obviously could not join the IFSS while it remained attached to the Second International and while it made no provisions for progressive non-Socialist organizations. The proposed pact does not alter this situation.

Nevertheless, unity between Communist and Socialist students was necessary before the problem of a still greater broadening of the IFSS could be considered. With that unity finally achieved, the way is cleared for the formation of an international organization that will include not only Socialist and Communist students but colonials and progressives: a World Student Union.

Four Years of Nazi Drama

WINIFRED SMITH

SINCE Adolf Hitler became Leader of Germany curious things have happened to the theaters of that highly favored country. Poetic talent—of the pure Aryan variety—has, as we all know, been "coordinated" with the service of the state and many young writers, never before suspected of dramatic ability, have found their vocation in writing for the "renewed stage," purged of all taint of advanced thought and of Jewish inspiration. Unfortunately the results of their efforts, which I am about to describe, seem to have bored such foreign visitors as Ashley Dukes and Lillian Mowrer, who have seen some few of the new plays on the stage; they even seem to bore native Germans, for the theaters are reported as not more than half as well attended as they were between 1920 and 1930. Possibly a repertory composed only of somewhat hackneyed revivals of the classics or of light operettas or of frankly propaganda pieces inexpertly tailored, may be unwelcome to most thoughtful Germans, especially to those who remember the artistic vitality of the post-war years.

More of the new plays, however, seem to be published than produced. Certainly a large number since 1932 have not only been printed but have been imported into this country, doubtless for the enlightenment of our German-reading citizens. They have no great variety of subject, and of course only one point of view. That philosophy, or rather mythology, is firmly grounded in a kind of pre-Christian mysticism, a primitive earth worship, which finds its central symbol in woman as mother, and which devotes its energies to spreading the cult of Aryan superiority, racial brotherhood, devotion to the leader—high priest of the cult—unquestioning obedience to him, and glorification of individual sublimation, in war and peace, to the interests of the common good as these enthusiasts understand it. Glorification of a warlike career for men and of the bearing of soldier sons by women is a recurrent theme.

Perhaps the best example of the way several of these themes are combined in one play is Carl Wiechert's *Der verlorene Sohn* (*The Prodigal Son*), a sometimes eloquent but always pitiful specimen of misdirected, wrong-headed idealism. The young hero, his mother's idol, like so many other lads in German drama from Hauptmann's early plays to the present, flees from his hard, mercenary father and businesslike elder brother, and wanders aimlessly about for awhile, earning a bare pittance by his music. Eventually he meets a legless veteran, returned from the trenches in such an exalted state of mind that he sees war as the only experience worth living and dying for. Thanks to this encounter, Johannes realizes he must volunteer, "lest mother be shamed," for "war concerns only mothers and sons," they alone understand the "eternity" to be gained through the marvelous immolation of self on the altar of the fatherland. Without further thought, therefore, the boy flings himself into the trenches, returns for a brief leave, and is sent back to the front by his mother's "unselfish" wish that he earn for them both the "eternal life" which the crippled apostle of the gospel according to Mars had predicted, and which in fact his mother believes he does earn at last by volunteering for a hopeless mission where he meets his "heroic" death.

Only a "German" writer can do justice to the theme outlined so barely here. Wiechert's style is worthy of his subject, enriched as it is by quotations from Luther's version of the

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Bible, by folk songs, and by many homely, tear-drawing simplicities of speech. The devotion of mother and son, like the antagonism between father and son, is portrayed with devout faith that such intensities of feeling are inevitable and right. In short the play is an unbearably sentimental expression of an ideology entirely unacceptable to thinking moderns; all its values are based on the worship of death rather than life and on an utterly uncritical belief in armed force as a good in itself as well as a necessity for national survival.

Wiechert is but one of many present-day death worshipers, and by no means the crassest of them. There is a considerable group of equally earnest would-be playwright propagandists who have little or none of his gift of speech and his occasional tenderness of human feeling. Hans Johst, Hans Kyser, Kurt Kluge, Friederich Angermacher, Hans Fischer, Arnolt Bronnen, have all written plays beatifying the self-sacrificing mother and exalting her soldier son's "clenched fist" and "strong arm," his "ruthless heart," his "German fidelity" to his leader and his determination to die for a vague concept of national good. I cannot agree with a Berlin critic who prefers "the stammering of these young talents to the smoother style of the older group of humanitarian dramatists." To me "stammering" is too kind a word for the artless shrieks of these young men, who are so eager to force their audience to agree with their views that they shout their emphatic theses and arrange the climaxes of their plots with all the hackneyed tricks of melodrama.

Schlageter, for instance, the young patriot who gives his name to one of Johst's plays (1932), in the last scene is executed by a French firing squad who face the audience and fire at them through the hero's body, as he stands with his arms out in the martyr's cruciform pose, shouting *"Deutschland, Erwache."* Surely a smashing rather than a stammering finish to the play!

Hans Kyser's patriotism, also, hardly stutters, for it too uses violent speech and stagy action to communicate its meaning. In *Es brennt an der Grenze* (*The Frontier's Aflame*) (1932), the plot is intended to show the impossibility of understanding between Poles and Germans, and contains several sadistic incidents, such as the Aryan hero's strangling and insulting a Polish youth by packing his mouth full of "a handful of good German earth." Kyser, by the way, is favorably known among the Nazis for his radio speeches, most of which are devoted to educating his hearers in the sacred history of their country and their "race" and to repeating the patriotic advice: "Never let a German town be taken from the fatherland." His plays are merely enlargements of his radio speeches, dialogued and more or less picturesquely set, and they have been recognized as equally valuable to the regime by being given command performances at Goebbels's orders.

Another approved and widely presented hymn to the country is Hans Fischer's *Deutschlands Morgenrot entflammt* (*Germany's Dawn Breaks into Flame*) (1933), a portrayal of a Rhineland city at the end of the French occupation, full of hate for the foe and of love for the land freed at last from bondage. Still other plays celebrate earlier incidents in the Great War, all showing Teutonic loyalty and courage—"To be German is to be true," as Fischer puts the universal theme. One illustration, a pathetic one to any but a German, is Heinrich Zerkaulend's *Jugend von Langemarck,* in which a young regiment goes singing to its death, leaving mothers and brides in black, to be sure, but triumphing—*"So ist es gut."* And there is P. J. Kraemers's *Die Marneschlacht* (1932), a stiff, tiresome battle piece, bitterly attacking the general staff for losing the Marne in spite of the heroism of the troops.

An even bitterer *Tendenzstuck* is Heinrich Bitsch's *Das Kreuz im Brunnen,* played in Berlin last January; it presents the "noble struggle" of discharged soldiers against the "Red flood," and culminates in the execution of the Communist leader and the raising of a cross from the river where the godless "Reds" had thrown it, a symbol again of "faith and hope."

All these patriotic war plays, so monotonous in their uniformed characters and so prosaically and rhetorically written, have the same simple moral; as phrased by Zerkaulend it is: "Every German, wherever he is, can be nothing but a soldier and a worker if his land is to be rescued from her present misery. Carve out the future!"

But there are two other groups of plays published within the past four years that are somewhat more interesting, if not much more cheerful than the war hymns. They are the peasant plays and the great spectacular "mysteries" or *"thingspiele,"* which are designed to revive some of the solemnity and enthusiasm of medieval religious drama through the use of old ritual to dress up Nazi myths.

"Don't give him a nickel, give him your cup of coffee." *Ernie*

The peasant plays build upon the well known models of some of Hauptmann's early *genre* studies. The best of them show the narrow lives of country folk, their struggle to wring their food from the soil, their hardness of muscle and sometimes of heart, their superstitions, their picturesque festivals, their unconquerable "Germanic" natures. Generally serious in style, they have occasional flashes of humor and always music echoing through their village scenes. Although *"das Volk"* is the real hero of them all, they often present individual characters well studied from life; the women especially have a kind of rugged strength and directness of speech that make them vital. Such a woman is the unhappy Franziska Zachez in Gottfried Kölwel's play of the same name (1934); wife of a cruel drunkard, mother of five children, she is driven to poison her husband by her love for another man, only to be deserted by him when he discovers her crime. Another strong and unhappy heroine is Walburga, the farmer's wife in Ludwig Hugin's *Ernte* (1933), who dies that her child may live and so illustrates the "law of life."

The need for a subordination of individuals to state and land is everywhere expressed and nowhere more openly and picturesquely than in Florian Seidl's *Heilige Heimat* (1932), a fanatically earnest hymn to earth:

> Die Erde ist heilig, und der Mensch ist gering,
> Die Erde ist heilig, und der Mensch ist ein Hauch,

sings the chorus and its leader at the end of the play.

Friederich Griese is much less sentimental than Seidl. His *Mensch aus Erde gemacht* (*Man Made of Earth*), awarded the Hamburg Lessing Prize in 1933, is one of the starkest and most effectively realistic of these peasant plays. He, like Billinger in *Raunacht* (1932), makes full use of Teutonic folk lore, with its traditional blood-and-soil ritual, demanding sacrifice of the living to the spirits of the dead or of the fields, and its obsessions of guilt which lead to madness or death, but the implications of his play are humanly tragic and ring true beside the falsetto of Seidl's chorale. This gloomy, powerful regional drama plays down definite propaganda for the sake of portraying the German peasant as he is, with all the hardships of his lot unmitigated by Utopian visions or by practical plans for his relief. Other plays set their plots in villages only to prove how wrong it is for restless youth to desert the country for the false enticements of city life, when they ought to remain on the land to help in the "resurrection of our people."

Der Bauer geht um, by Eugen Ortner (1933), is such a *"Lehrgedicht,"* directed to a peasant audience, as is, in a much lighter vein, *Der Brandner-Kasper schaut ins Paradies* (1935), a jolly "expression of folk vitality," full of beer and singing and of half-

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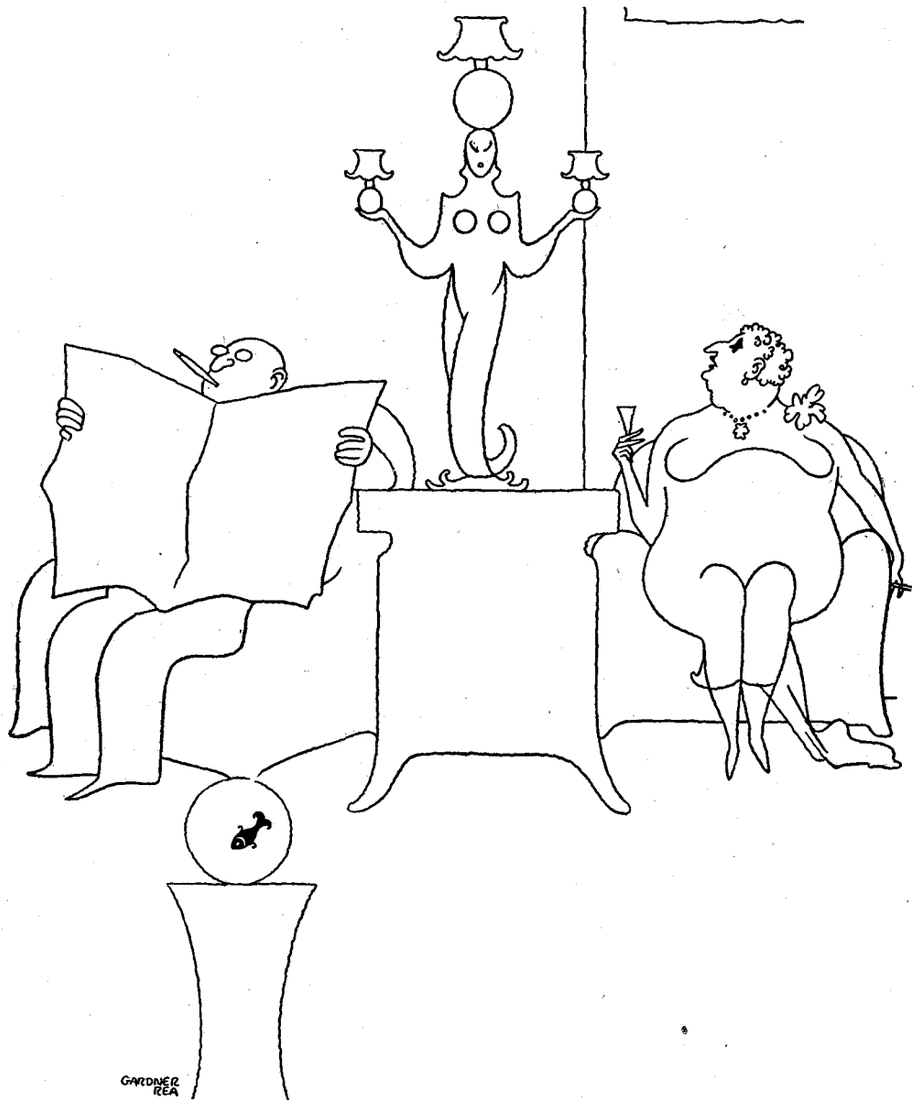
pagan, half - Christian legendary episodes.

Richard Billinger, a true poet whose work began to be known some years before the Nazi revolution, has, so far as I know, not yet prostituted his talents to the reigning dogma, though like the sculptor-dramatist, Barlach, he is probably convinced of the superiority of German life to any other, as he is obviously aware of the rich material it offers to the artist. Both poets are mystics who tend toward the symbolic use of native folklore and toward the mingling of traditional nature worship with Christian ceremonies, in characteristic rural festival fashion. Neither one ever suggests directly that such traditions as survive belong definitely to the Dark Ages and are inimical to "folk vitality" because they prolong fear of unknown natural powers and prevent rational ways of conquering the hunger, disease, and misery that are the real enemies of human life in every country.

But realistic study of peasant life and scientific attempts to humanize it seem to be as far from the desires of the present German government as they are near the hearts of the Russians. German poets therefore are allowed for the most part only to poetize the dim past and its survivals today, or to express in vague terms their hopes of future life for their race. Such at least is the general tendency of the "mystery plays" which are being staged in outdoor theaters at festival seasons for the instruction and especially for the inspiration of vast crowds. Some of these, for example, the one which claims to be first of its kind, G. Goes's *Aufbricht Deutschlands* (*Germany's Emergence*) (1933), trace the history of the *Volk* from ancient times to the Versailles treaty—proving the "Teuton soul" more than competent to dispose of "foreign invaders," whether Roman legions or Jewish traitors or Russian Communists. Others, such as Walther Eckhart's *Deutschland, Erwache!* (1933), find their effective symbol in a fairy tale—here Germany is the Sleeping Beauty, wakened by the kiss of the hero—his name begins with H — who brings her out from her thorn-covered, ruined palace, to the tune of the Horst Wessel song. Kurt Eggers, who has written several of these spectacular *"Hörwerke,"* in *Das grosse Wandern,* given in Halle in 1934, follows Goes in making an opposition between large choruses the important element in his play; here the two bands, one carrying red banners and singing the International, the other brown-shirted and swastika-badged, shout at and struggle with each other until the Reds go down to defeat and only the national anthem can be heard.

The choric singing, mass movements, loudspeakers, different stage levels, must all combine to make these spectacles as impressive to the masses as they are intended to be. Few of them are well written but one given in Heidelberg in 1933, Richard Euringer's *Deutsche Passion,* is far above the average in poetic fervor and in aesthetic value. It combines with choric groups two old dramatic forms, the Dance of Death and the Passion-Resurrection play, opening in good Faustian fashion, with the triumphant gloatings of an evil spirit over groups of sorrowing mothers and starving children, reduced to misery by Versailles and the class struggle. But he does not triumph long. The woes of the bereaved summon from their graves the Unknown Soldier, crowned with barbed wire, and his comrades fallen in the great war, and their spirits rout the foe, put courage and zeal for work into the women and children, and close the play with a jubilant prophecy of a better world, won not by the dead soldiers only but by the promised efforts of all Germans left in the world. The verse is very simple, musical, and emotionally stirring; the appeal of the whole almost sure-fire, depending as it does on age-old human feelings—grief for the dead, devotion of mother and child, anxiety for food—*"Brot,"* cry the hungry babes—revival of faith and hope, and the final turn from despair to joy in a rosy vision of the future. There is here little of the violent hatred of scapegoats that disfigures many other Nazi dramas; Euringer seems really to believe that past miseries are over and that cooperative energies will rebuild his much loved land, no longer "a ruined field, a madhouse." He does not, obviously, see just how this is to be done. To him, "Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, enslave no nation: they make it free." The Horst Wessel song is an anti-climax to the earlier poetry in the play, but it must, of course, end such a patriotic piece as this.



"Do you really think the government can do anything about the Black Legion, John? You know we Americans are so impulsive." *Gardner Rea*

"Tragedy," says Johst in *The Poet's Way to the Folk,* "lives on its faith in heroes"; the tragic writer must give this faith to his readers in "words of power," which show the ego transcended by the "fellowship," the *I* less important than the *Thou,* the object of worship for all men, the creative birth force, whether in the earth or in woman—"the greatest mystery in the world." Words nobly meant, no doubt, but like so much modern German writing, vague generalizations emerging from confused minds, darkened by that most dangerous of modern obscurantist beliefs—the faith that blood speaks more truly than intellect. Mother worship, hero worship, nation worship, all express merely adolescent impulses, and it is these three forms of religion that are sadly predominant in contemporary German drama.

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How Free Is America?

KEN CROSSEN

HOW free is America? The annual report of the American Civil Liberties Union, just published under the title of "How Goes the Bill of Rights?" serves to show that the much-mentioned freedom of America is only an echo in the dim corridors of the past. The Union's report is one continuous list of everyday events, punctuated by cases with national repercussions such as the Gallup, New Mexico, terrors, the Jehovah's Witnesses flag-saluting incidents, the teachers' loyalty oaths, the Black Legion, and dozens of others, all showing a growing disregard of the Constitutional civil rights of both the individual and the masses.

An increase of violations of civil rights occurred in 1929 and 1930, when there were more such violations than at any time since the World War. From that time on to the end of the Hoover "reign" there were increased reports of violations mostly aimed against radicals, Negroes, and strikers. After the election of Roosevelt, and the beginning of the New Deal, the forces began slowly to shift their aim. Workers, encouraged by the NIRA, began a militant drive toward forming unions. At the same time, the intellectuals of the country began to notice economic evils and started a half-hearted fight against them. These developments aroused the forces of reaction, led by the Hearst press, the Chambers of Commerce, and the professional "patriots." The result was the increase in "Red" hysteria, numerous and expensive Congressional investigations, and a general clamping down on constitutional rights.

What the fate of civil rights will be in the future is hard to say. It is reasonable to expect no substantial change if Roosevelt is re-elected. If Landon is elected—well, a man coddled in the arms of the Hearst press, a man who is strangely evasive on the question of labor, is not apt to be too thoughtful of the civil rights of the masses.

When Congress adjourned last August, the net result of the strongest drive in years for gag legislature was a novel amendment to the District of Columbia appropriations bill under which no salary would be paid to teachers, or other school employes, "teaching or advocating Communism." The use of the word "hereafter" in the rider made it a permanent piece of legislation. Under strong pressure from the Hearst press and patriotic societies, the Comptroller-General of the United States interpreted the law to mean that Communism could not even be explained. All employes of the Board of Education were, and still are, forced to take an oath every two weeks that they did not "in any school of the District of Columbia, or elsewhere, teach or advocate Communism." This oath is necessary before they can receive their pay. The wording of the rider is such that even the school janitor is forced to see that he doesn't meditate on Communism while puttering around his boilers.

In the last session of Congress, there were two bills introduced for the repeal of this rider but, despite the combined pressure of all liberal and radical groups and a favorable report by the House committee, they were never brought to vote.

Another step in the suppression of academic freedom was the wave of Jehovah's Witnesses flag-saluting cases, wherein over 120 children in nine states were expelled from school for refusal to salute the flag and take an oath of allegiance.

One such case was that of the four Elliott children of Malone, Washington. Principal Brown, of the Malone school, had early cited the Massachusetts flag-saluting cases to his pupils and warned them that if they refused to salute they too would be expelled. The Elliott children asked their parents, members of the Jehovah's Witnesses sect, what to do and were instructed not to salute the flag, as that would be putting allegiance to the flag above allegiance to God. On the refusal of the children to salute the flag, November 18, 1935, Principal Brown gave orders for them to be expelled. They were sent home with report cards marked, "Asked to leave because of beliefs, and refusal to salute the flag."

The parents immediately began teaching the children at home. Two months later, two State Patrol officers called at the Elliott home and tried to change the minds of the parents. Failing, they left, threatening to take the children from their home.

On February 10, 1936, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were served with summonses to appear in the Grays Harbor County Juvenile Court with the four children. The papers, signed by Mrs. Adele Oliver, county superintendent of schools, stated that the children were dependent, delinquent, and "in danger of growing up to lead idle, dissolute, and immoral lives." The Elliotts appeared in court February 24, armed with a labor lawyer, the Bible, and a firm belief in their religion. Principal Brown and the teacher who had issued the expulsion were first on the stand. They both denied expelling the children but later, when faced with the report cards, "guessed" they had expelled them.

When Mr. Elliott was put on the stand, the prosecuting attorney endeavored to confuse him by drawing a comparison between tipping his hat to a lady and saluting the flag. Mr. Elliott, however, was equal to the occasion. He replied that he tipped his hat to a lady out of respect but it did not mean that he pledged allegiance to her. Judge Campbell, impressed by the evidence and the appearance of the Elliotts, handed down a favorable decision. He proceeded to say that the children should be admitted back to the school. Principal Brown, however, said that Judge Campbell's decision meant nothing to him. The school board meeting later reiterated the words of the principal, and the chairman of the board added that people who refused to salute the flag "should all be deported." At present, the youngest Elliott child is attending another school a few miles away, where she is not forced to salute the flag. The other three children, however, are still excluded from school.

EARLY in the year, the nation was outraged by one of the worst cases of miscarriage of justice seen in several years, the mass trial of the miners in Gallup, New Mexico. Trouble started when the powerful coal mine operators served eviction notices on various leaders of the local unions.

Exiquio Navarro, an unemployed leader, was arrested when he refused to obey an eviction notice. Several hundred friends accompanied him to the court house and waited outside for him. When Navarro, remanded to jail, appeared in custody of Sheriff Carmichael, the crowd clamored for his release. Tear gas bombs were thrown but failed to disperse them. The police then opened fire and two workers and Sheriff Carmichael were slain. Witnesses asserted that Carmichael's own men shot him.

Shortly after, several hundred business men, legionnaires and cowboy vigilantes started a door-to-door hunt among the miners' hovels. More than 600 men, women, and even children were arrested in the search for the "murder" gun, but the weapon was not found. That night, one out of every ten Gallup citizens was hurled into prison on "suspicion." An obsolete territorial law of 1854, holding every member of a crowd present at the killing of a peace officer, even though unarmed, as guilty of first degree murder, was invoked, and over 200 were arraigned under it. Of these, forty-eight were held and, after preliminary hearings, ten were formally charged.

In Gallup, and nearby, the Ku-Klux Klan again donned their bed sheets. Fiery crosses for "Americanism" gleamed once more. Robert Minor, Communist organizer, and David Levinson, New York International Labor Defense attorney, coming to Gallup to aid the defense, were abducted and severely beaten. They were released only after Governor Clyde Tingley dispatched state police to search for them.

During the trial, Aztec, New Mexico, scene of the grim farce, resembled an armed camp. The state militia and police were

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parading all over the town with machine guns, tear-gas bombs, rifles, and bayonets. People distributing leaflets on the case were held for contempt of court by Judge McGhee. Three defendants, Juan Ochoa, Manuel Avita, and Leandro Velarde, were found guilty of second-degree murder, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor. The others were ordered deported. The terror continued several months, during which Mrs. Lorna Stimson Lindsley, niece of ex-Secretary of State Stimson, was ordered out of Gallup, merely because she had been seen at the trial.

The march of freedom dipped down to Florida, where, last November, Joseph Shoemaker of Tampa was kidnaped, beaten inhumanly, tarred and feathered, and left in a ditch. Taken to the Centro Español Hospital, he lived nine horrible days before dying. Shoemaker, a former Socialist, was the founder of the Modern Democrats, a liberal organization formed to fight the Tampa political ring at the polls.

On November 30, 1935, a meeting was held, at a member's home, to frame a constitution and by-laws. Seven police officers entered and, with drawn guns, broke up the gathering, arrested Shoemaker and five friends, taking them to headquarters. They were booked and grilled on their activities. Under the head "Why Held," two words were written: "Investigate Communists." After grilling them, the police offered to take them home. Despite their protestations, three of the men, Joseph Shoemaker, Eugene F. Poulnot, and Sam D. Rogers, were loaded into police cars and driven away.

Both Poulnot and Rogers were flogged with chains and rawhide. Later tar was applied to their abdomens, sexual organs, and thighs. The tortures that Shoemaker went through will never be known. He was too horribly mutilated to tell. Investigators later declared that boiling tar had been poured over his lacerated body; his right leg had been held over a fire, burned and lacerated, and then his body had lain outside during a very cold night for seven hours. He was paralyzed on one side, and a leading Tampa surgeon, after viewing the body, said, "I doubt if three square feet would cover the total area of bloodshot bruises on his [Shoemaker's] body, not counting the parts injured only by tar." For nine days he hung between life and death, suffering horrible agony, then died.

A nation-wide protest arose instantly and, within two weeks, six Tampa policemen and three Klansmen were arrested for the crime. They were released on $9,500 bail each, supplied by certain Tampa *cigar manufacturers*. Mainly because of public pressure, all the defendants were convicted, but they are undoubtedly appealing their sentences as soon as the judge's decision is handed down, and the fight is not yet won. The powerful influences which furnished bail and funds for the appeal are evidence that the six policemen and three Klansmen were merely "stooges," and may yet escape punishment. Tampa, one of the most violent anti-labor cities in America, is nevertheless to be the scene of the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, despite nation-wide protests.

THE freedom of "Americanism" was again shown in the more recent discovery of the Black Legion. This group of "patriots" turned out to be a somberly clad blood-brother of the Ku-Klux Klan. Discovery came with the killing of Charles Poole, Detroit WPA worker. These men, sworn to "uphold" the Constitution of the United States, have for several months been ruthlessly slaying all whom they considered "subversive elements."

Many arrests have been made, but little has been done to uncover the leaders. Investigations show a large percentage of Detroit police and officials are involved. Drives for membership even have gone on during hearings, and the Black Legion stated that the arrests have only been "persecutions" by Catholics and radicals. The reign of terror has continued. Jurors have been openly threatened. Mrs. William Guthrie, who exposed some of the Black Legion, was flogged and beaten. The Conference for the Protection of Civil Rights in Detroit received a warning, written on Army and Navy Club stationery. The warning read in part, that a "state of civil war exists in this city, county and state, which will continue to exist till the alien and subversive elements are EXTERMINATED."

The most recent discovery in the Black Legion horrors is the assertion by Dayton Dean, confessed trigger-man for the Legion, that a Negro World War veteran was killed for a thrill. The slain man was Silas Coleman, shot May 26, 1935, according to Dean. "Colonel" Harvey Davis, Black Legion "officer," wanted "to see how it felt to shoot a Negro." Coleman, induced to go with the Legion men on the pretext of collecting some money, was taken out in the country as quarry for the "sport." The murderers stopped, got out and walked behind the auto. Coleman also dismounted to see what they were doing. Then Davis shot him. Coleman, with a bullet in his chest, ran toward the swamp. The legionnaires followed, firing. Finally Coleman fell and the men left, leaving his body in the swamp to be found forty-eight hours later.

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of cases of violation of all rights, constitutional or otherwise, in "free" America. Every day some new outrage is being perpetrated. Every day someone is being flogged, beaten, or lynched; teachers are being fired for teaching a doctrine of social sanity; youthful students expelled and their careers threatened with ruin, for wanting peace; workers railroaded to jail for asking the right to organize.

The past year saw more victories than ever by liberal groups, achieved because more people exerted mass pressure, contributed more money. There were still, however, far too many defeats; defeats that can only be stopped by continued, unrelieved pressure. Not the American Civil Liberties Union alone, nor any other organization, achieved last year's victories, but the aggregate power of the masses, the combined power of the worker and the intellectual. The fight is only starting. Still more must be done if our country is to be made such that people will not ask, "How free is America?"

"What do you mean, you'll have your rights? Where do you think you are, Russia?" *Aime*

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Mexican Idyll

EMANUEL EISENBERG

MRS. BRAITHWAITE was so definitely the kind of woman who runs things that no one in the accidental group of five dreamed of opposing her when she suggested that they break up the long trip from Vera Cruz to Mexico City by stopping at Orizaba, a spot recommended by the better guide books with firm eloquence. The train ride was just short enough to be completely exhausting; they were very happy to step into fine cool air toward midnight and sink into bumpy taxis that took them to the Hotel Francia.

It was wonderful how Mrs. Braithwaite managed, although she kept insisting that her Spanish was very poor. When she made arrangements for anything, they stayed made. The station porters had only to utter one word of complaint about their tips to receive a glare or a sharp reproof that silenced them forever. Taxi drivers announced their rates in advance and never dared raise them later. It was true that everybody felt on the point of collapse in the open patio-lobby while Mrs. Braithwaite was bargaining energetically about the prices for the rooms, but it was better that way; somebody had to look after their interests in this country; the Mexicans clearly thought they were all millionaires and hoped to charge on that basis.

"They just say any price that comes into their heads," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "They probably figure we wouldn't have come down here in the first place if we didn't have too much money. I guess they'd like to get hold of as much as they can while we're around."

And nobody wanted to be gypped. You felt such a fool when you realized you'd been treated like an ignorant foreigner, even if it turned out to make only 14 or 15 cents' difference in American money.

Carl was pretty furious when he and Mildred got to their smallish, dingyish, but very clean room. "Suppose we had paid another peso for this goddamn room!" he yelled. "We can spare it, can't we? What does it amount to, anyway? So we had to wait for your lousy friend of a school teacher to show us how good she was at jewing down the Mexicans. And where does she get off saying those insulting things about them in English, anyway? Practically everybody in this joint understands English and speaks it, too. Why the hell couldn't I have spoken English to them and got it over with in five seconds?"

Mildred was very patient. "It's much better to speak to them in their own language, darling; then they don't feel you're a foreigner and don't overcharge. Mrs. Braithwaite's had a lot of experience in dealing with these people. You know perfectly well you wouldn't dream of bargaining; it embarrasses you. All right, so it does. But somebody's got to do it. I know *I* don't like to be gypped."

Carl didn't grow any calmer. "In the name of God Almighty, will you tell me what all this talk about getting gypped might happen to mean? I saw the printed sign downstairs and it gave exactly the same prices that the guy told Mrs. Braithwaite in the first place."

Mildred drew back the coarse blanket and sniffed in deep fatigue. "Nobody ever actually gets the prices on a sign," she yawned. "And, anyway, they probably printed that sign just before we arrived."

Even though they had gone to sleep at about one o'clock, everybody got up early the next morning: street noises, poultry and animal cries, the full friendly sun and the wonderful crisp air combined to stir them and to make them glad they were awake. Because of no agreement the night before, all went walking in different directions before breakfast. Mildred could make out Miss Himler's solid tan dress two or three blocks away; the man with her might be anybody, but of course it was Dr. Applebaum. Mrs. Braithwaite was probably getting the lowdown on something somewhere.

Walking was pleasant but a little vague; they were not sure which direction to take; so many of the streets looked alike from a distance. Although the pink and blue houses and the women scrubbing clothes at the river's edge had delighted them, they were a little relieved to get back to the hotel at about nine o'clock for breakfast and find themselves a comfortable group of five again. Mrs. Braithwaite looked so competent and ordered their food with such dispatch and precision that Carl felt a little sorry for what he had said the night before and began to look forward with a certain relaxation to being piloted around by her that morning.

"Have you all been walking?" she said brightly. "Isn't it the loveliest town? But it's been spoiled, like everything else. Everywhere you go they're on the lookout for tourists. I can't bear being considered a tourist, can you?"

"But that's really all we are," Dr. Applebaum suggested mildly. "After all, we're not living here. We can hardly expect to be taken into their confidence or anything."

"Oh, I know, I know! But it's so much more fun to get into the places nobody else gets into! Now, look. You all know how difficult it's supposed to be to get used to the high climate of Mexico City. I'm told Orizaba is a marvelous preparation for it. Why don't we stay a while? This is Friday. There's a wonderful textile factory a little way out that we can visit. Tomorrow we can see some of the old churches and the outlying rivers. Then, on Sunday, the market. I hear it's simply thrilling. And Monday noon we take the train to Mexico City. Doesn't that sound good?"

"It sounds grand," said Miss Himler.

"Probably be very restful, too," thought Dr. Applebaum.

"Oh, completely restful!" Mrs. Braithwaite cried. "I'm so glad you all like the idea."

They all did. For one, it was so untouristy; for another, it gave them a breathing space before Mexico City.

"How will we get out to all these places?" Carl asked. "Automobile?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "Let's go there the way the natives do, in those little rickety old buses. It's so American to take a taxi or a private car."

"We'd probably get gypped if we took a car," said Carl, a little amazed to find that he had said in simple earnest what entered his mind as a piece of sarcasm.

THE buses rattled so violently that they expected to be hurled over at every corner; they were rushed through the factory at such a rate that only a tremendous sensation of aching feet and a Russian-movie impression of workers and machines lingered with them in the end; the churches had such limited areas of interest, in the midst of their general ugliness and modernization, that they seemed all out of proportion with the effort involved in getting there; and the lush landscape began to resemble itself so sharply after a while that the sheer return to town and to the hotel became a satisfaction in itself.

But it was all good because it was the real thing. They paid the same rates on the bus as the peasants; there was no charge whatever for any of the things they wanted to look at; they always ate at the hotel, so they knew they weren't being fleeced for meals; and practically no other tourists were ever in the same vicinity to encourage a sudden putting on of fake front by the natives.

Anyway, market day was what they had all been really waiting for—and here it was.

As they hurried through their breakfast on Sunday morning, Mrs. Braithwaite issued instructions. "Don't buy the first thing you see," she said, "because you won't have any idea of the range of prices. Ask around, first. And try not to talk too much English or they'll know right off that we're gringos. But, before anything else, remember that you've *got* to bargain. Offer them half of whatever they want. Mexicans just love to bargain. They're unhappy if you don't do it! If there's anything you really want badly

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and you can't get the man to come down, be sure to call me over. I think I know how to take care of them."

"You certainly do," said Miss Himler admiringly. "I wish I could do it."

"Oh, you'll get the hang of it soon enough," Mrs. Braithwaite smiled. "It's just a matter of not taking any of them very seriously. They're all such wonderful liars."

Mildred clutched Carl's arm in speechless excitement as they reached the street that led to the market place. The line of grave Indian women squatting before their perfect flower-like arrangements of strange fruit looked like something out of a book. Every so often they uttered cries of "Cheap, lady, cheap!" in high remote monotones that seemed to have no connection with their own throats.

"Can you imagine bargaining with these people?" Mildred whispered.

"Well, I don't know," said Carl. "I guess you've got to do it with everybody."

Once they entered the market itself, the colors and compositions and objects were so unsettling that everybody dashed off to different points in a complete enchantment of incredulity. A large group of children and vendors crowded around Dr. Applebaum as he balanced himself on a tiny low stool and tried on different kinds of country sandals. A polite but definite chuckle rose from them all each time he extended a foot for evaluation. Miss Himler, who was not far off, trying to make up her mind about the large square handkerchiefs that were really not so much handsome as they were just plain startling, blushed furiously when she saw the sandal-man calmly remove all the shoes from in front of the doctor and begin to dig up obscure pairs from somewhere else. Dr. Applebaum had mentioned a bargaining price which the man apparently wouldn't even consider, although he was ready to find him other sandals at that price. Hurriedly Miss Himler chose two handkerchiefs and paid the price asked without question. Mrs. Braithwaite was probably right as a general thing, but there were obviously cases where it didn't apply at all. Walking away, she was happy to notice that the doctor had asked to see the first group of sandals again and was paying for a pair without an argument.

NOW they began bumping into each other in the middle of the market, exclaiming about the pottery, the baskets, the glassware, the zarapes, the sandals, exhibiting the numerous purchases.

"Listen," said Mildred to Mrs. Braithwaite, "about this bargaining business: after a whole conversation, maybe you get five centavos off. Doesn't seem worth it!"

"May not seem worth it to you," Mrs. Braithwaite smiled, "but it's worth it just not to spoil them. And they expect it, anyway. They enjoy it!"

"All right, but *I* don't. You know what the zarape-man did when we suggested a lower price? Turned straight away and started talking to his friends."

"That's an act," said Mrs. Braithwaite.

"A fine act," said Carl, "when he never turned around to look at us again."

"The same thing happened to me," said Dr. Applebaum. "The sandal-man just started putting his things away."

Mrs. Braithwaite shook her head in full bewilderment for a second and then smiled very broadly. "Oh, well, you've all managed to get along, anyway! You've bought some lovely things."

"Tell her about the boy," Carl said to Mildred.

"Oh, yes! There's this boy's been following us all over the place. You never saw anyone so beautiful in all your life. I can't imagine what he wants. That's him over there, still waiting."

"Probably wants a coin," said Dr. Applebaum.

"No, I'm sure he doesn't. I gave him a five-centavo piece and he just smiled and kept right on following us."

"Just wants another," said Mrs. Braithwaite.

"No, it can't be *that,* because he keeps saying something every time we buy anything."

"Maybe he's trying to make advances to you," suggested Miss Himler, furiously red.

"Why, Miss Himler!" grinned Carl. "Don't you think he realizes that I'm along?"

"You just don't know these Mexicans," said Mrs. Braithwaite with something of a snarl. "Look, let me try to handle this. I'll find out what he wants."

"Please don't be severe with him!" cried Mildred. "He's been just as sweet as anything."

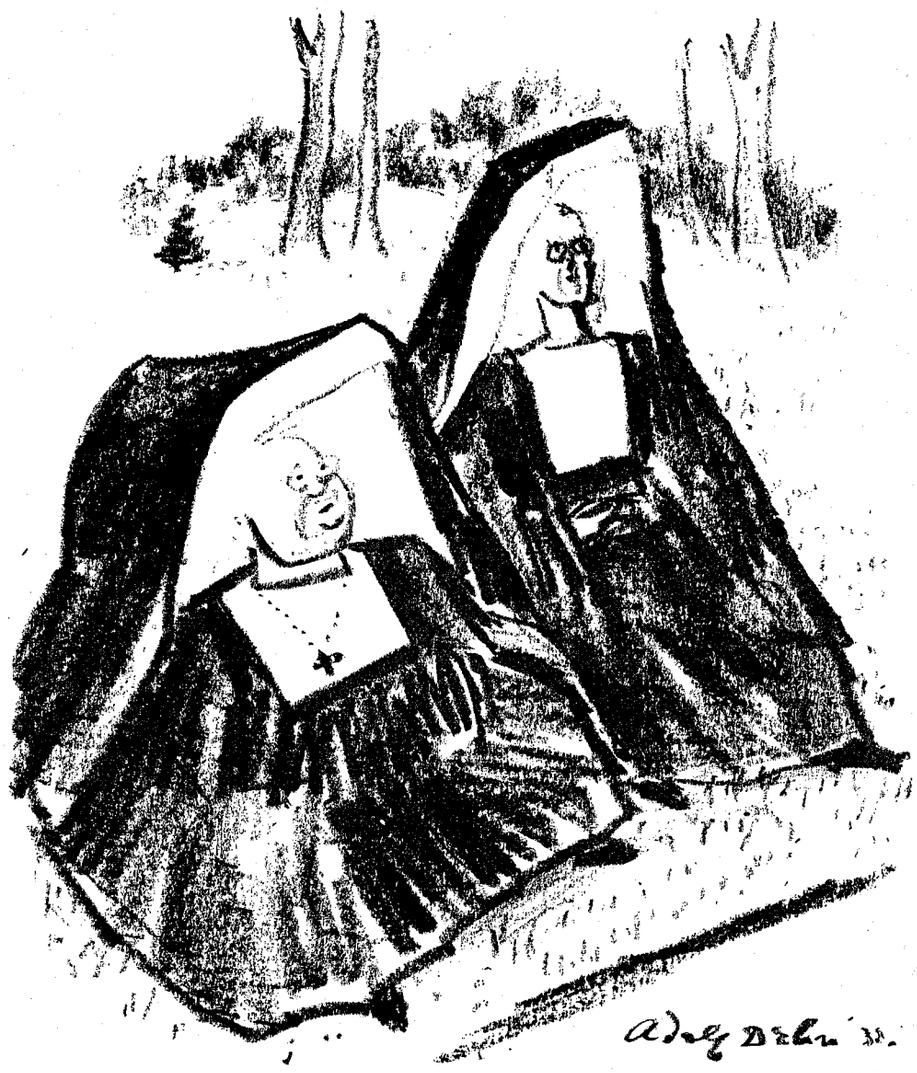
They saw a young boy of fourteen or fifteen in a posture of unshakable dignity draw away a little at the approach and then smile with full confidence into the woman's eyes. His deep yellow hat, spotless white shirt and faded blue pants gave the brown wood-carving of his face a glow of intense though serene beauty. Mrs. Braithwaite returned.

"Why, it's nothing at all. He's just offering to help you carry your bundles home."

"Well, I should say he can if he wants to!" said Mildred. "I never saw anything so beautiful in all my life as that boy's face and carriage. But do you think it's safe?"

"I don't," said the doctor. "He'll probably run off with everything before you can turn around to look."

"Or he'll be handing things out one after another to those little friends of his," said



"I'm glad Warner Bros. are making that picture glorifying the Pinkertons. It's exactly in the spirit of the Encyclical."

Adolf Dehn

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Mrs. Braithwaite, "and then deny that we ever gave him any such thing."

"How much does he want for it?" asked Carl.

Query and answer. "He says anything you want to give."

"And when we get to the hotel," said Miss Himler, "he'll probably raise such a yell if we don't give him five pesos or something that the whole town will come out."

"I don't care," said Mildred. "I'm going to take him, anyway. It's worth it just to look at him."

"I don't think it's safe," insisted Mrs. Braithwaite.

"Oh, well, we can watch him all the time," said Carl, as worried as any of them.

The boy's quiet smile and the extreme care with which he balanced all of their purchases against his slim body disarmed and deceived nobody; they watched him every second of the way as they continued buying. A group of about ten children trailed after him, chattering and giggling; every so often he spoke to them in a solemn thin voice; but always they kept a sure distance. When they finally began the walk home, the boy automatically took a position behind them, and all of their suspicions were confirmed.

"Here comes the get-away," said Dr. Applebaum.

"What shall we do about it?" asked Miss Himler. "Take the stuff away from him and give him something, or what?"

"Maybe he thinks it's wrong to walk in front of us," said Mildred. She turned to Mrs. Braithwaite. "Look, why don't you pick a conversation with him and keep next to him that way?"

Everybody thought this a good idea, so Mrs. Braithwaite moved to the back. After they had walked this way for two blocks, Carl couldn't hold his curiosity any longer. "Well, aren't you even going to tell us what you two are carrying on about? If it's as interesting as it sounds—"

Mrs. Braithwaite promptly joined them. "My dears, he's been telling me the most amazing things. His name's Ignacio. Isn't that a name for you! They call him Nacho. It seems his mother throws him out of the house every morning and refuses to let him in again until late at night."

"Do you think it's true?" asked Miss Himler.

"Don't be silly!" Mrs. Braithwaite laughed. "Mexicans specialize in stories like that. Just trying to get our sympathy, that's all. You'll never guess what he said when I asked why his father didn't provide for all of the children. He said the father of the house didn't acknowledge paternity for Nacho. Isn't that marvelous?"

"Maybe that, at least, is true," said Dr. Applebaum.

"Come, come!" Mrs. Braithwaite went on. "Nothing they tell you is true. They just make up whatever they think will interest you most. Oh, he told me all kinds of things. That he hadn't eaten today and that he had some kind of sickness and the one way he had of picking up any coins was this one —oh, and I don't know what else. A perfect Mexican type, even at that age."

"It doesn't sound like a very gay conversation," said Mildred.

"Well, you get used to that kind of thing," said Mrs. Braithwaite.

"Is he still with us?" Carl asked.

They all turned in alarm and saw just what they had expected: Nacho standing stock still on the previous corner, seemingly determined not to budge.

"It's a holdup, all right," said Carl.

"But I wonder what good he thinks that will do?" Mildred asked.

"It's an act," said Mrs. Braithwaite grimly. "He'll probably tell us he's dying of fatigue and that he's got to have some money right away or he can't move from the spot."

"We might have known it," said Miss Himler.

"I can't believe it," Mildred mumbled as they walked rapidly back to the corner. "He looks so simple and good. And God, what beauty."

EVERYONE recoiled a little when they reached the boy; his expression was extraordinary. The deep bright brown eyes had dulled to a thin yellow; they opened and shut slowly and steadily. His skin seemed suddenly a washed green. The lips moved in a faint, almost imperceptible series of tremors and it was necessary to stare fixedly at his chest to see the shudder that had apparently taken possession of it. Everything about him seemed to plead and yet to abhor pleading. Mildred thought she was going to vomit.

"What on earth is all this?" she cried. "Is he sick, or what?"

"It's an act," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "God knows what he wants, but this is his way of trying to get it."

"Lord, what they won't do in this country to get some money out of foreigners," said Dr. Applebaum.

"Mrs. Braithwaite, will you *please* talk to him and find out what it's all about?" Mildred implored.

Mrs. Braithwaite moved closer and spoke in Spanish. "Nacho, what's up? Anything the matter with you? Or is it just that you don't want to go any further?"

Nacho turned his head away and gulped gently, the eyes still slowly blinking and the light shudders continuing.

"Do you want to give us back the packages now and go home?"

His head turned back, but there was still no speech.

"Whatever kind of act this is," said Dr. Applebaum. "It's a good one. Full of mystery and everything."

"Well, it's driving me insane," said Mildred. "Will you *please* ask one of these children if they know what's going on?"

The group of youngsters who had trailed along were standing in the gutter and watching Nacho in sober attention. Mrs. Braithwaite moved over to speak to the tallest and turned back with a grin. "He says it's nothing: just epilepsy. It seems Nacho takes these fits often. That's a new one, all right."

"Christ Almighty!" Carl cried. "I'll bet he's really got it."

"I doubt it very much," said Mrs. Braithwaite.

"Whatever it is, don't you think we'd better get the stuff right now?" said Miss Himler. "He's liable to drop everything out of his hands."

"He probably will, just for the sake of realism," said Mrs. Braithwaite. She moved forward and all the others followed except Mildred. Nacho made no movement whatever and spoke no word at all as they divided the packages which he was still holding with perfect balance and intense care.

"How much do you want?" asked Mrs. Braithwaite when they were done. Still no word. She turned to the others. "How much shall I give him? Half a peso?"

"Oh, no," said Carl, "give him a peso, for God's sake. That'll take in all of us. It's only twenty-eight cents."

"A peso!" cried Mrs. Braithwaite. "Don't be absurd. He probably never saw that much money at once in his life. He'd go crazy. And, anyway, he isn't even carrying our packages home for us. No, I assure you, half a peso is just right. I know it is." She pushed the coin into his inert palm, smiled blankly, evoked no response, turned efficiently. "That's that. Shall we go?"

"Are we going to leave him here like this?" cried Mildred. "In the middle of the street?"

"Listen, my dear," said Mrs. Braithwaite, "walking away is about the wisest thing we can do. Then he won't have to bother with his act any more. The minute we're out of sight, he'll join his little friends again."

They all walked slowly, no one saying a word. As they approached the end of the long street, Miss Himler broke out. "Oh, Mrs. Braithwaite, I *must* compare prices with you when we get home. I thought I was getting practically everything for nothing, but I'm sure you drove better bargains than I did. I don't seem to be able to handle these Mexicans."

Just before they turned the corner Mildred turned suddenly back and saw Nacho still standing blindingly alone, the children still staring. She wanted to cry out to the others to look, but couldn't.

When they reached the hotel, she rushed up to her room and struggled to vomit. Nothing happened. She fell on the bed and broke into a long and violent fit of sobbing. Carl kept saying that tomorrow morning they would be on their way to Mexico City and there they would never need to see Mrs. Braithwaite again, but it didn't do any good.

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Renunciation

I was a mystic once—the fine
Star-patterned slantings of a dream
Dropped to my attic room, design
To pacify our earthly scheme.

That this huge wistfulness dies slow,
I know. We do not care to feel
That life contains blow after blow,
Then prostrate crumbling, heartless seal.

My childhood prayers canceling
First hints of ugliness became
The inner shrine where thoughts could sing
Where lies could vanish, ending shame.

The solemn beauty, choir, hush
In rituals of church exalt
The heart—they mesmerize and crush
The swing of doubt and daytime fault.

But walk into this house, resent
This scavenging—old hands dump out
A can of beef stamped government,
From cattle stricken by a drought.

Ride to this Harlem flat and see
A Negro woman sprawling, dead.
For weeks they questioned misery
To give her, now, the useless bread.

Look at this child before the wheel
And spindle of a mill—so slight,
So buried, as the eyes congeal
A hundred years within one night.

Stare at this woman picket clubbed
Down to the curbline of a street.
The clean stress of her young face rubbed
With dirt, she sways back to her feet!

Walk on—beside the railroad track
A girl rests, shawl-wrapped question-mark.
Detectives shot her in the back
For picking coal within the dark.

Keep traveling—within these woods
The vigilantes flay and maim
A union man, while from their hoods
Their eyes show cringing gloating flame.

What time have we for quarrel, loss,
When crucifixions multiply
Beyond the Roman nail and cross?
Let us be watchful lest we die.

With eyes glued on the universe,
Ambushed by men with lullabies,
Robbed of our freedom by the curse
Of dreams when the Fascist cries.

The hatred thrown at beauty, depth,
Make mysticism less than slave:
A tired, slim child who has slept
Too long and wakes to find—the grave.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

Memory of His Wife the Rag-Time Piano Player

(CHORUS FROM A PLAY)

I

this is the window where she stood
for hours, for years
your wife who is dead:
somehow impossibly dead when you are still alive
propelled only by memory of her
a mask for her ghost
still among people but dead.

this is the window
where she looked from her last retreat
at the lost town
lost with the river between:
this side of the river the rent is cheap—
watching the smoke go up
from the big houses on the hill
you can hear her say:
"they must have money to burn coal
"on such a nice day"—
and then she pinches a little cocaine
that the whores gave her.

night settles down on the dance-halls and the lights go up:
she walks in the dusk where she walked before—
she listens for the new life, for an explanation, a vindication:
why has her music lost the swing? how did life get ahead?
where did they get the new step?
she hears the fingers of the new girl catch the mysterious
rhythm
she hates it, she would like to get hold of it and choke it
but she knows it's true the way a baby is true
or death is true:
she hears her old rag-time
rattle in the piano like a skeleton—
another pinch of cocaine, another dream:
two-timed by time, artificially preserved, dead on her feet—
she turns away from the window
from the new tempo which her mind cannot measure—
she turns away with a chill at her heart
to the last signs of warmth:
the impression of the cat in the old pillow
the hypnotic magazines
where her curtailed life
is beautifully, perfectly extended
to a rosy close.

HECTOR RELLA.

O People Misshapen

O people misshapen, hugging bones in old coats,
Wavering as you walk, hurrying on mean streets and stairs,
Poor eaters, with bodies the clinics hastily patch
And push out into dark, dirt, roar and lack again. . . .

Come close-up, faces, showing sunk eyes and skull forehead,
Blinking with light and the horror of being seen,
Brothers, Comrades, pool the last strength of men
In party, in mass, boil into form, and strike.

We will see you change,—shoulders swing broad and slow.
Your coats will not change this winter, no. But you
In ranks no distant day, clad and alert,
As resolute as storm, born of this bad extreme.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.

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ELECTION CAMPAIGN SUPPLEMENT

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The Middle Class and the Election

JOSEPH FREEMAN

THE April quarterly of the NEW MASSES, entitled "Challenge to the Middle Class," emphasized the important role which white-collar workers, professionals, and small business men were bound to play in this year's presidential elections. It was pointed out that various movements of a fascist character were trying to convince the middle-class groups that their real foe is not monopoly capital but labor. The reaction argued that if the workers were squeezed down to lower living standards then the impoverished sections of the middle class would again be prosperous.

This is still the tactic of the reaction now that the presidential campaign is actually under way. What is significant at this moment, however, is that all the political parties are paying more attention to the middle class than has hitherto been their practice. T.R.B. of the *New Republic,* for instance, reports that "the heavy thinkers of both Republican and Democratic camps feel that the presidential election will be decided by the lower middle class, a group whose voting strength is often overlooked. There are normally about 14,000,000 persons employed in trade and professional services, nearly as many as in industry, and half again as many in agriculture. If Mr. Landon can win this group, he may conceivably squeak through to victory. If Mr. Roosevelt can win it, the election will drop effortlessly in his lap."

Apparently the experts of both the major capitalist parties take it for granted that a majority of the unemployed, and of the workers organized in trade unions, will vote for Roosevelt no matter what happens. Leading trade-union chieftains have already openly given the President their support, and Landon's defense of the open shop is not likely to weaken that support.

Big Business, on the other hand, is almost solidly committed to Landon. The most reactionary section of monopoly capital, represented by the Liberty League, Hearst, et al., is for the Republican candidate, who voices their aspirations for an open-shop America with a dash of fascism. Significantly, traditional party lines have broken down on this major issue. Al Smith, Bainbridge Colby, the gentlemen of the Southern League to Uphold the Constitution, and other good Democrats have leaped on the Republican bandwagon in order to defend the most reactionary aims of big business.

But more than defence is involved. The Landon - Hearst - Liberty - League - Al - Smith crowd want to *extend* the already enormous power of monopoly capital. Consider the irony of du Pont's howls that Roosevelt is bad for business. Only last week, the I. E. du Pont de Nemours Company, America's leading munitioneers, reported a net profit of $36,000,000 for the first six months of this year, as compared with $19,000,000 for the first six months of last year. General Motors, another Landon fan, reported net profits of $14,000,000 for the first six months of this year as compared with $83,000,000 for the first six months of last year.

Even the boundless greed of big business ought to be satisfied with gravy of such vast proportions. If the first-string bankers and industrialists are out to get Roosevelt, it is because they feel that in spite of his loyal services to big business the President's concessions to labor, however small these may be, and however unsatisfactory to the working class, are still more than the tyrannical parasites wish to grant. The extreme reaction wants to make not even the slightest concessions; they want the whole hog, and they are backing Landon to get it by means that border dangerously on fascism.

Sections of the agricultural regions are unpredictable, and in order to avoid any risks here the Republicans and Democrats have promised the farmers everything. These promises commit the candidates to nothing. They are vague and pleasant enough to catch votes if only the farmers remain sufficiently credulous, and the political sharps are counting on the division of the uncertain votes along regional lines.

There remains then the middle class, until recently neglected but now in the strategic position of holding the balance of power. It is upon this class that the Republican and Democratic strategists are concentrating, and it is to this class that the Lemke-Coughlin Union Party, stooge for the Republican-Liberty-League forces, makes a special appeal.

With this in mind, one is not surprised to find both Republicans and Democrats raising the time-honored slogan of down with the trusts. You do not have to be as smart as Jim Farley or John Hamilton to know that the greatest foe of the middle class is monopoly. In a demagogic effort to placate middle-class resentment against the trusts, the Republican platform declares drastically that "a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable; it menaces and if continued will utterly destroy constitutional government and liberty of the citizen." Those are harsh words, but the Republican Party goes even further and promises that it will "employ the full powers of the government to the end that monopoly shall be eliminated and the free enterprise shall be fully restored."

Any schoolboy who knows the rudiments of economics knows that this promise cannot possibly be carried out. It is neither possible nor desirable to return to the days of *laissez-faire*. The promise is obviously a bait to catch middle-class votes; and what makes it comical, as well as treacherous, is that this promise was written by big business itself.

The Democrats are equally solicitous about the dire effects of monopoly on the middle class. "Monopolies and the concentration of economic power," their platform declares, "the creation of Republican rule and privilege, continue to be the master of the producer, the exploiter of the consumer, and the enemy of the independent operators." The Democrats, also, pledge themselves to stamp out "monopolistic practices and the concentration of economic power."

But this, too, is bait specially prepared to catch votes. True enough, Republican "rule and privilege" from Mark Hanna to John Hamilton has been on the side of monopoly, but you may be sure that when Chrysler, Teagle of Standard Oil and others recently visited the White House, Mr. Roosevelt did not blush. The Democratic platform speaks gospel truth when it boasts that "we have taken the American business man out of the red." The Blue Eagle was the guardian of Big Business, and the N.R.A. its salvation. Everyone remembers the Darrow report on the N.R.A. and the rage it evoked in middle-class groups. What Roosevelt did in the early part of his administration was

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Lydia Gibson

to succor monopoly at the expense of the middle class and the workers. The devaluation of the dollar salvaged business corporations heavily indebted and in danger of collapse under the weight of the capitalist crisis. The object of this maneuver was deliberately to reduce the debts of large corporations and to keep down wages. And Roosevelt went further as monopoly's messiah. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation, started by Hoover and continued by Roosevelt, actually subsidized big business. The middle class has little to thank Roosevelt for. He is less reactionary than Landon in that he wants to salvage capitalism by making certain concessions to the people, but at bottom he represents monopoly against the middle-class, the workers, and the farmers, and the Democratic pledge regarding the elimination of monopolies is as deceptive as that of the Republicans.

Elsewhere in this issue, the reader will find a comparative analysis of the various election platforms. From these it is easy to see that the capitalist parties pose as the exponents of all the middle-class virtues. They talk of defending liberty, democracy, and small property. This demagogy is particularly dangerous coming from the Landon-Liberty-League-Hearst crowd which represents the extreme reaction, the trend toward fascism. Landon's boosters are the heads of the big trusts; it is they who threw thousands of technicians and office employes out of work; it is they who foreclosed mortgages on farmers and small home owners; it is they who drove the small business man into bankruptcy. Landon is the front for the greatest danger confronting the American people today. He represents the drive of big business to suppress freedom of speech, press, and assembly. He speaks for the imperialists who are ready to make war for foreign markets. He has spoken openly against trade unions—and this affects the middle class as well as the workers. For the open shop is as bad for the American Newspaper Guild as for the steel union, as dangerous for the bookkeepers and stenographers as for the coal miners. The Landon-Liberty-League crew wants to cut all relief, including the pittance now given to those professionals and intellectuals who are on WPA projects. It wants to relieve the rich of taxation by throwing the tax burden on the farmers, workers, and middle-class groups. If you watch the official and unofficial utterances and acts of the Republican spokesmen of fascist-minded big business, you can reach only one conclusion: the reaction wants to protect a decaying capitalist system by lowering the living standards of 90 percent of the American people. But the functional middle-class groups can prosper only in a society where there is a high standard of living, and the success of the Landon-Hearst-Liberty-League crowd would ruin millions of middle-class people.

What choice remains then for the middle class in the present election campaign? If Landon represents the most extreme reaction, the gravest danger to the welfare and liberties of the majority of the people, can Roosevelt be relied upon to hold out against reaction? More particularly, has the middle class anything to gain from Roosevelt? The experiences of the New Deal indicate that Roosevelt is no guarantee against the ruthless advance of big business. The New Deal speeded up the process of trustification; it brought on the bankruptcy of thousands of small merchants and shop-keepers; it did little or nothing to prevent the small farmer from losing his land; and it gave relief jobs only to a small fraction of the unemployed intellectuals and professionals.

It is from their experience on the relief projects that many middle-class people have learned that their interests are bound up with the interests of the workers; for the government has made no distinction between professionals and manual laborers in its attacks upon relief standards, in the humiliating conditions imposed upon relief applicants.

The middle class obviously faces the same crisis as the working class, and its solution lies in the same direction. It can make its power felt most by supporting those candidates and planks which make the sharpest and most direct attack on big business. From the welter of platforms and pledges, the Communist program alone stands out clearly in the interests of the workers, the farmers, and the middle class. One need not be a Communist to believe that America should be put back to work, that jobs and a living wage should be provided for all. One need not be a Communist to believe in unemployment insurance, in old-age pensions, in social security for all. One need not be a Communist to want opportunity, education, and work for the youth of America, and the abolition of child labor. Members of the middle class may disagree with dialectic materialism or the socialist society, but they surely cannot object to the demand of the Communist Party that "social and labor legislation shall be financed and the budget balanced by taxation of the rich." And the middle class should be as anxious as the workers to defend and extend democratic rights and civil liberties, to curb the Supreme Court, to ward off fascism and prevent war.

An editorial in the Baltimore *Sun* of July 30 observed: "The experience of the liberal democrats under the Fascist dictatorships in Germany and Italy, plus the growing democratization of the Soviet regime in Russia, has had an appreciable effect upon liberals in other European countries. Many of them have decided that if they have to choose between Right and Left, they will take the latter."

The lessons of Germany and Italy will not be lost on America, either. There is every indication that middle-class groups will strive with might and main to keep the Liberty League's Landon out of the White House. Many of them will also support local Farmer-Labor or united-front candidates, and many of them, even those who frankly disagree with Communism, will vigorously express their opposition to the drive of big business toward extreme reaction by casting their ballots for Browder and Ford.

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What the Parties Promise

M. R. BENDINER

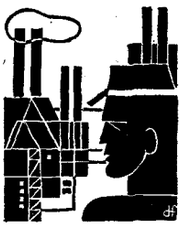
THE American party platform is not an institution held in high esteem. It has been branded "the biggest farce of all the acts" of the American party system, and is generally held up as a model of evasion, compromise, and self-contradiction. These charges, directed almost exclusively against the platforms of the major parties, are for the most part easily substantiated. But this does not mean that the platforms are meaningless or that they cannot be taken as guides to party policy. Close comparison is revealing—in the varying degrees of evasion if in nothing else.

This year the differences between the Republican Party and the New Deal are greater than those which usually obtain between the two major parties, and are clearly marked in their respective platforms. In the following summaries of the outstanding planks it may be noted that as one proceeds from Right to Left, the platforms become less and less equivocal and offer increasingly specific programs.

● *RELIEF:* Differences in plans for the unemployed are clear all the way down the line. Republicans would shift relief responsibility to local governments, whether capable or not of carrying the burden. . . . Democrats, viewing unemployment as a national problem, promise jobs on public works for unemployed, with state and local cooperation, at prevailing wages. . . . Farmer-Labor Conference at Chicago carried this one step further by endorsing trade-union wages in public works. . . . Lemke's Union Party calls for elaborate program of public works at prevailing wage rates; provides that "Congress shall legislate that there will be an assurance of a living annual wage for all laborers capable of working and willing to work." No indication of how Congress is to do this. . . . Socialists propose immediate appropriation of six billion dollars for Federal relief and continuance of WPA projects at union wages. . . . Communists, besides urging both these measures, demand adequate relief standards, a stop to all relief cuts, an extensive federal works program which will include "housing at low rentals, schools, hospitals, health and recreational facilities, as provided for in the proposed six-billion-dollar appropriation of the Marcantonio Relief Standards bill." Where private employers cannot or will not produce all the country needs, Communist Party would "open and operate the factories, mills, and mines for the benefit of the people."

● *SOCIAL SECURITY:* Issues here are, how much social security, and how is it to be supported? Republicans call for "a minimum old-age income sufficient to protect" the pensioner "from want." Would let the matter be primarily a state problem, with federal contributions up to a fixed maximum. Funds to support program to be raised by "a direct tax widely distributed." Like all ungraduated taxes, this would impose greatest burden on those least able to pay. Social Security Act is branded "unworkable" but no substitute is offered. . . . Democratic Party stands by Social Security Act, which places heaviest tax burden squarely on shoulders of workers and provides only the most niggardly pensions. . . . Union Party provides simply that "Congress shall legislate that there will be assurance of reasonable and decent security for the aged." No details. Lemke lukewarmly supports Townsend Plan, with its impossible transactions tax. . . . Farmer-Laborites support social security through taxation on high incomes, inheritances, gifts, and corporate surpluses. . . . Both Socialist and Communist Parties give unqualified endorsement to Frazier-Lundeen bill, which would raise funds by taxation on incomes and inheritances to provide payments for unemployed, and pensions for all over 60, at rates equal to former earnings but in no case less than $15 a week.

● *CURRENCY AND BANKING:* Inflation or no inflation is the question. Republicans and Democrats advocate "sound currency." Republicans add vague provision to "cooperate with other countries toward stabilization of currencies as soon as we can do so with due regard for our national interests." . . . Socialists and Farmer-Laborites are silent on currency. . . . Union Party urges establishment of "central bank of issue" to regulate value of money and credit; would have Congress retire all "tax-exempt, interest-bearing bonds and certificates of indebtedness of the Federal Government" and refinance home and farm mortgage indebtedness "by use of its money and credit which it now gives to the private bankers." Party has support of the extreme inflationist groups. . . . Communist Party is "unconditionally opposed to inflationary policies which bring catastrophe and ruin to the workers, farmers, and middle classes, and enrich the speculators." Advocates "nationalization of the entire banking system."



● *LABOR:* Sincerity with respect to labor's welfare may fairly be judged by respective planks on unionism and on federal legislation needed to protect rights of labor. Republican Party would safeguard labor's right "to organize and to bargain collectively through representatives of its choosing, without interference from any source." Choice of words clearly implies—and implication is borne out by utterances of party leaders—that labor unions must not interfere with "right" of workers to belong to company unions. Thus any attempt to organize plant or industry would constitute "interference" with labor's right of choice. Platform takes gratuitous slap at National Labor Relations Board by pledging to "prevent governmental job holders from exercising autocratic powers over labor." Despite Supreme Court, Republicans believe any needed labor legislation can be passed "within the Constitution as it now stands." . . . Democrats get closer to root of the matter by insisting on right of labor "to collective bargaining and self-organization free from interference of employers." Maintain they have already provided federal machinery "for peaceful settlement of labor disputes" without recognizing that their machinery is utterly inadequate, ineffective, and for the most part ignored. . . . Socialists propose establishment of thirty-hour week, abolition of injunctions in labor disputes, and complete prohibition of company unions; would end industrial espionage and bar use of police, deputy sheriffs, militia, and federal troops in labor disputes. . . . Union Party completely ignores union issue, asks only "living annual wage for all laborers capable of working and willing to work." Details left to Congress. . . . Communists

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"stand for federal legislation which will establish labor's full right to collective bargaining, which will outlaw the company unions, the spy and stool-pigeon systems, and all other coercion by employers." Demand "heavy penalties and imprisonment for employers guilty of discharging workers for union or political activities." Platform also offers thirty-hour week without reduction in earnings and calls for abolition of wage differential between North and South.

● *AGRICULTURE:* Fundamental problem is scarcity vs. abundance. Democrats favor "production of all the market will absorb" but in effect offer a program of scarcity. Would continue domestic allotment program with benefit payments; favor federal assistance to "enable farmers to adjust and balance production with demand, at a fair profit to the farmers." Would continue to retire "submarginal lands" by federal purchase. Recognize "gravity of the evils of farm tenancy" but promise no solution except "cooperation of the government in the refinancing of farm indebtedness at the lowest possible rates of interest." Silent on drought relief. . . . Republicans attempt to pull both ways on main issue. Sponsor methods of New Deal scarcity by accusing Administration of having "taken to itself the principles of the Republican policy of soil conservation and land retirement" and misused it "to partisan ends." Like Democrats they would make benefit payments, where "consistent with a balanced budget"; would acquire "non-productive" farm land through federal purchase, and follow a policy designed to bring about a "balance between soil-building and soil-depleting crops." On the other hand, they would encourage surpluses by paying benefits on domestically consumed portion of crops with exportable surpluses. No indication of how such surpluses would be disposed of. Foreign markets would largely be shut off by retaliation against increased tariff on farm imports pledged in platform—an old device to lessen farm opposition to simultaneous boost in industrial tariffs. Would provide "ample farm credit at rates as low as those enjoyed by other industries," but silent on plight of sharecroppers. Would encourage "cooperative marketing," and give "every reasonable assistance to producers in areas suffering from temporary disaster." . . . Socialist Party would abolish tenant farming, substituting "use and occupancy title for family-sized farms and conversion of plantation and corporation farms into cooperative farms." Marketing, processing, and distribution of farm products to be taken over by bona-fide cooperatives. Would stabilize farm prices at "cost of production to working farmer" and provide immediate relief to "debt-laden working farmers by advancing credit." Crop insurance to be provided by income, inheritance and corporation taxes. . . . Lemke Unionists call for refinancing of farm mortgage indebtedness by Congressional "use of its money and credit which it now gives to the private bankers," implying inflation. Demand that Congress legislate so "there will be an assurance of production at a profit for the farmer." No details. . . . Farmer-Laborites call for protection from eviction and property loss through long-term mortgages, oppose crop reduction, demand government refinancing of the farm debt at 1½ percent interest. Favor the widest possible extension of democratically controlled farm cooperatives. . . . Communist Party is "unalterably opposed" to crop destruction and curtailment. Would regulate farm prices with "the aim of guaranteeing to the farmer his cost of production" and demands "immediate refinancing of the farmers' debts with government loans at nominal interest." Would stop evictions and foreclosures. Favors a "graduated land tax" to prevent accumulation of large land holdings "in the hands of insurance companies, banks and other absentee owners." Demands that measures be taken to provide land for landless farmers and immediate and adequate relief to drought-stricken areas.

● *BUDGET AND TAXES:* Division is clear cut. All parties agree on desirability of balanced budget. Question is whether to reduce government expenses (including, principally, relief and social security measures) or to meet those expenses by taxing wealth. Democrats, Republicans, Unionists choose first method; Socialists, Farmer-Laborites, Communists would take latter course. Democrats are "determined to reduce the expenses of government." Assert "they are being aided therein by the recession in unemployment." . . . Republicans would balance budget "not by increasing taxes but by cutting expenditures, drastically and immediately." Disinclination to tax wealth and big business indicated in plank: "Use the taxing power for raising revenue and not for punitive or political purposes." . . . Union Party platform provides that "Congress shall protect private property from confiscation through unnecessary taxation"; but calls for limitation on net incomes, gifts, and inheritances any individual may receive, balance to be taken through taxation. No limitations specified. . . . Socialists propose "drastic increase in income and inheritance taxes on the higher income levels and of excess profit taxes, and wide experimentation in land values taxation." . . . Farmer-Laborites ask taxes on high incomes, inheritances, gifts, and corporate surpluses. . . . Communist Party urges: "The rich hold the wealth of the country—make the rich pay." Demands that social and labor legislation be financed and budget balanced by taxation upon the rich—"main source of government finance must be a system of sharply graduated taxation upon incomes of over $5,000 a year, upon corporate profits and surpluses, as well as taxation upon the present tax-exempt securities and large gifts and inheritances." Would protect people of small income, and small property and home owners, against burdensome taxes and high interest rates. Opposed to sales tax in any form.

● *PUBLIC OWNERSHIP:* Republicans call for "withdrawal of government from competition with private payrolls," referring presumably to TVA and PWA. Pledged "to preserve the American system of free enterprise, private competition." . . . Democrats "will continue to promote plans for rural electrification and for cheap power by means of the yardstick method." Would "steadily extend its housing program toward the goal of adequate housing for those forced through economic necessity to live in unhealthy and slum conditions." . . . Socialists call for "social ownership and democratic control of the mines, railroads, the power industry, and other key industries." Ask Constitutional amendment to make this possible. . . . Union Party silent. . . . Farmer-Labor parties ask for public ownership of natural resources. . . . Communists call for federal housing at low rentals. Demand that where industry fails to keep producing up to requirements, government "open and operate the factories, mills, and mines for the benefit of the people" (see *Unemployment Relief*).

● *CIVIL LIBERTIES:* Republicans and Democrats content themselves with pledges to uphold civil guarantees contained in Bill of Rights. No suggestions for correcting widespread abuses. . . . Socialist Party urges

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"abolition of all laws that interfere" with these rights and with the "peaceful activities of labor in its struggle for organization and power." Calls for economic, political, and social equality for the Negro and for all "oppressed minorities," and for drastic anti-lynching laws. . . . Farmer-Labor groups urge similar program and protest against deportation and other forms of persecution of the foreign born. . . . Union Party altogether silent on civil liberties. . . . Communist Party champions right of labor to organize and strike as well as traditional civil rights guaranteed by Constitution. Asks abolition of poll tax and other limitations on the right to vote. Demands release of political prisoners, citing Mooney, Herndon, and Scottsboro boys. Urges re-establishment of "traditional American right of asylum for political refugees." Would prohibit anti-Semitic propaganda by law. Demands complete equality for Negroes. Would make racial segregation and discrimination a crime and propose to establish death penalty for lynchers.

● *CONSTITUTION AND SUPREME COURT:* Much social and labor legislation of New Deal has been invalidated by Supreme Court as unconstitutional. Shall Constitution be amended, or Court's power curbed, or both? Republican platform pledges party "to restrict all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court." Silent on need for Constitutional changes. . . . Democrats, despite experience of New Deal, are uncertain. If problems "cannot be effectively solved by legislation within the Constitution," they are prepared "to seek such clarifying amendment as will assure" to the states and to Congress the power to enact such legislation as is needed "to regulate commerce, protect public health and safety, and safeguard economic security." Silent on Supreme Court. . . . Socialists would "end the usurped power of the Supreme Court" by Constitutional amendment. Would offer further amendments to permit government to acquire and operate industries, to abolish child labor, and to make future amendments less difficult. . . . Union Party silent. . . . Farmer-Laborites would curb Supreme Court and enable Congress to reassert its power "to enact adequate social and labor legislation." . . . Communists support Constitutional amendment "to put an end to the dictatorial and usurped powers of the Supreme Court." Urge that Congress "immediately reassert its Constitutional powers to enact social legislation."

● *YOUTH:* Democrats believe "Our youth have been returned to the road to freedom and prosperity." Promise to "keep them on that road." No concrete recommendations. State they have "undertaken to put an end to child labor." . . . Republicans silent on youth problems, except for abolition of child labor, which they would accomplish through state laws and interstate compacts. Silent on child labor amendment to federal Constitution. . . . Farmer-Laborites would pass "a measure that will provide adequate funds for youth program that can give youth the opportunity for education and work." . . . Union Party would do nothing specific for youth, but asks that "Congress shall re-establish conditions so that the youth of the nation . . . will have the opportunity to earn a decent living." . . . Socialist and Communist Parties call for passage of the American Youth Act and adoption of the federal child labor amendment. Socialists ask federal appropriations for public schools and free city colleges; would abolish CCC, the National Youth Administration, and "any similar attempts to deal with the economic problems of youth which threaten the wage and living standards of organized labor." . . . Communists would reorganize and enlarge Youth Administration, abolish military training in the CCC and in schools, and demand "financial assistance to the youth and the children" by federal and state appropriations.

● *FOREIGN RELATIONS:* International cooperation and collective security vs. self-sufficiency and isolation. Democrats seek by mutual agreement to lower tariff barriers but otherwise offer isolationist policy. Would "extend the policy of the good neighbor" and hold that "disputes between nations should be settled by peaceful means." No mention of specific means of international cooperation. . . . Republicans completely isolationist. Pledge that "America shall not become a member of the League of Nations nor of the World Court, nor shall America take on any entangling alliances in foreign affairs." Would promote international arbitration through independent tribunals. Opposed to Democratic reciprocal tariffs; would substitute principle of flexible tariff. . . . Union Party demands "no foreign entanglements, be they political, economic, financial, or military. America shall be self-contained and self-sustained." . . . Farmer-Laborites support collective security. . . . Socialists call for "abandonment of imperialist adventures of a military or economic nature abroad" and for maintenance of friendly relations with Soviet Russia. . . . Communists "in favor of strengthening all measures for collective security." Call for "effective financial and economic measures to this end by the League of Nations against Hitler Germany, Italian fascism, and Japanese imperialism." Demand end to American intervention in Latin America and Philippines; strict non-recognition of Japanese and Italian conquests in Asia and Ethiopia. Support Puerto Rican independence.

● *WAR PREPARATIONS:* Republicans favor "adequate" national defense forces. Silent on neutrality, silent on control of munitions industry. . . . Democrats "reaffirm . . . opposition to war as an instrument of national policy." Would "continue to observe a true neutrality" while prepared "resolutely to resist aggression." Would work for peace (no method specified) and to take profits out of war. Pledged to "guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking or private trading, into any war." . . . Union Party demands "adequate and perfect defense," with understanding that "our forces must not be used under any consideration in foreign fields or in foreign waters." Calls for conscription of wealth as well as of men. . . . Farmer-Labor Party unalterably opposes war. Would prohibit sale and delivery of goods or making of loans to nations engaged in foreign war. Favors conscription of wealth and government ownership of all munitions plants. . . . Socialist Party "calls upon workers to resist all trends toward insecurity, fascism, and war." Would eliminate military training from schools, strengthen neutrality laws. "Not a penny, not a man, to the military aims of the government; unconditional opposition to any war engaged in by the American government." . . . Communist Party condemns expenditure of "billions for armaments and war preparations." Urges "American peace policy in close collaboration with the Soviet Union, based on complete prohibition of the sale or delivery of goods, or the granting of loans to nations engaged in a foreign war contrary to the provisions of the Kellogg Peace Pact." For nationalizing entire munitions industry. Would "keep America out of war by keeping war out of the world."

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Who Pays the Bills?

AVERY WOOD

IF, as has been predicted, the amount spent on the 1936 election will exceed the expenditure of any year since the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925, we may rest assured that our financial and industrial tycoons will be the ones to do all but a trifle of the spending for both sides. In 1928, for example, 52.7 percent of the Republican contributions, and 49.5 percent of the Democratic contributions, came from capitalists giving from $5,000 to $50,000 at a time. Almost 70 percent of the $16,500,000 spent in that year came from donors of $1,000 or more. Over half the Democratic slush fund was contributed by eighty-nine industrialists and financiers, while 112 such gentlemen were responsible for over 40 percent of the Grand Old Party's expenditures.

Hence it was absurd for the Farley ticket letter to have read in part: "Mr. Farley has arranged to finance the entire [Democratic] national campaign by selling Presidential Nominator tickets at $1 each, in every section of the country. No other contribution will be requested. . . ." But a perusal of the list of Democratic contributors so far this year will immediately show who really pays.

And when the naïve Henry P. Fletcher proclaimed last March that the drive for $1 "participation certificates" (to get "a million dollars from a million Americans") "marks the beginning of . . . a permanent method of financing the Republican Party through annual contributions from the rank and file," he was talking nonsense. The drive was an abysmal failure. Despite the engravings of Lincoln and Washington which graced the certificates, the rank and file would not part with its hard-earned dollars.

If there is a dearth of ready cash among the rank and file, however, there is plenty among the real Republican backers. Foremost among the "patriots" who have contributed openly we find, first of all, the du Pont clan, which has given in the past year a total of over $400,000, either to the Republican National Committee or to the Liberty League (which amounts to the same thing). Second only to the du Ponts we find the Morgans, with over $150,000 worth of contributions to their credit. Then come the Pitcairns (plate glass and autogiros) with $100,000, and the perennially patriotic Pews (Sun Oil, Sun Shipbuilding) with the same.

Individual patriots backing the Republicans are as follows: Morgan-man George F. Baker (of the First National Bank of New York); Gulf Oil's W. L. Mellon (Andrew's son); Armour & Co.'s Leslie and Philip Armour; Liberty League lawyer Earl F. Reed (whose partner, Roy G. Bostwick, directs Federal Laboratories and its three strike-breaking agencies); Liberty League and Morgan lawyer Silas H. Strawn; First National Bank and Pullman Co.'s Harold S. Vanderbilt; and Morgan-controlled Johns-Manville's A. E. Manville.

All the best families are represented. If we have overlooked the Huttons and the Mellons, as clans, and such gentlemen as Howard Heinz, the pickler, Alfred (General Motors) Sloan, the Standard Oil Teagles and Pratts, the Rockefellers, and the miscellaneous Whitneys and Vanderbilts, it is because their support is so well known as to be news no longer.

It is still of interest, however, to emphasize how firmly steel and its affiliates support the Republican campaign. James A. Farrell and Sewell Avery of U. S. Steel of course are at the head of the list; but National Steel's Ernest T. Weir and Inland Steel's E. L. Ryerson are not far behind. Westinghouse Electric's A. W. ("Open Shop") Robertson, Brown & Sharpe's Henry D. (rifle and bullet) Sharpe, and Shapleigh Hardware's Alfred L. Shapleigh are also steadfast.

When we pause to consider the Democrats, moreover, we have a rather difficult time discovering contributors of a stripe essentially different from the men who support the puppet Landon. Of course there are the liquor and beer men, who are unanimously pro-Roosevelt for the logical reason that their favored existence is dependent upon the Democratic administration. The cement makers also have shown alacrity in repaying in cash part of the PWA windfalls the Democrats have granted them since 1933.

But it is still difficult to find Democrats who have not already tainted themselves by association with the Liberty League and its kin. Purest of all is J. David Stern, publisher of the Philadelphia *Record* and the New York *Post*. Fairly pure are Consolidated Oil's J. Fletcher Farrell, advertising's Barron Collier, Goldman-Sach's Sidney S. Weinberg, R. H. Macy & Co.'s Percy and Jesse Straus; Minneapolis bankers and brewers Anton and Otto Bremer; and P. A. S. Franklin and Basil Harris, of the International Mercantile Marine. Less pure, but still apparently un-Liberty Leaguish, are Anthony J. Drexel Biddle (the Sonora Products Ponzi, now minister to Norway in return for past munificence); San Antonio's Ralph Morrison (who promptly canceled his loan of $20,000 when the Democrats put him on the Federal Reserve Board); Former SEC Commissioner Joseph P. Kennedy; Fisher Body's Fred J. Fisher (reputed to be in bad odor politically with the du Ponts); and Boss Pendergast and the Democratic machine of Kansas City.

Limbach

More interesting, however, are the Democratic supporters who are simultaneously in the thrall of the Liberty League and its "Jeffersonian" fascism. Packers Wilson, Armour, Swift, and Cudahy number in the vanguard of Democratic backers, but Leslie and Philip Armour also support the Republicans and contribute to the Crusaders, and Alden B. Swift and others are members of the Liberty League. Firestone, Goodrich, and Goodyear Rubber have all donated considerable sums to the Democrats, but they have donated larger sums to the Republicans and the Liberty League. And though Walter Percy Chrysler has always contributed hugely to the Democrats, he has been a Crusader right along.

Less savory Democrats even than these, surprisingly enough, are to be found at the head of the Democratic list. Bendix Aviation has given $6,500 to the Democrats while Vincent Bendix himself is a mainstay of the Liberty League. And though American Radiator, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, American Tobacco, Wrigley, Union Carbide & Carbon, A. B. Dick Mimeograph, General Electric, S. H. Kress, Eastman Kodak, and Sears, Roebuck pretend to be Democratic, officers and directors of all these companies figure prominently in the activities of either the National Economy League, the Sentinels of the Republic, the Crusaders, or the mother of them all, the Liberty League.

In short, an auditor's report would show powerful trusts and banking groups footing the bill for the Republicans, with the New Dealers enjoying the support of other, if lesser, factions. Nor is there a dearth of those who, preferring Landon, play both ends.

Landon proclaims himself Wall Street's hireling; Roosevelt does not. The only way for the American worker to make sure Roosevelt does not sell out bodily to his paymasters is to roll up to the left of him a vote of politically terrifying proportions.

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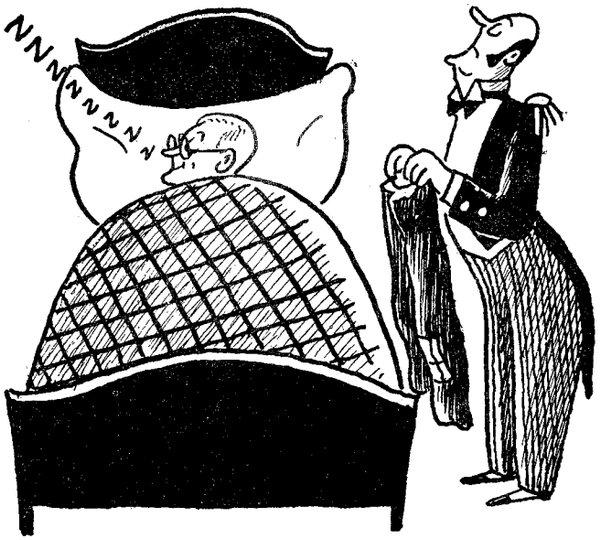
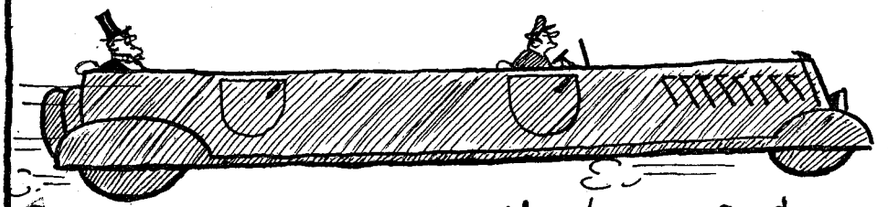
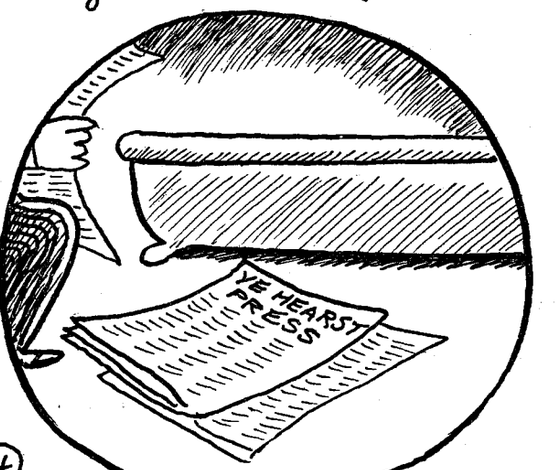


① Is awakened from White House dreams by faithful valet who has homespun pants ready—

② a nice hot shower to the tune of "The nazis are coming-tra-la-la"

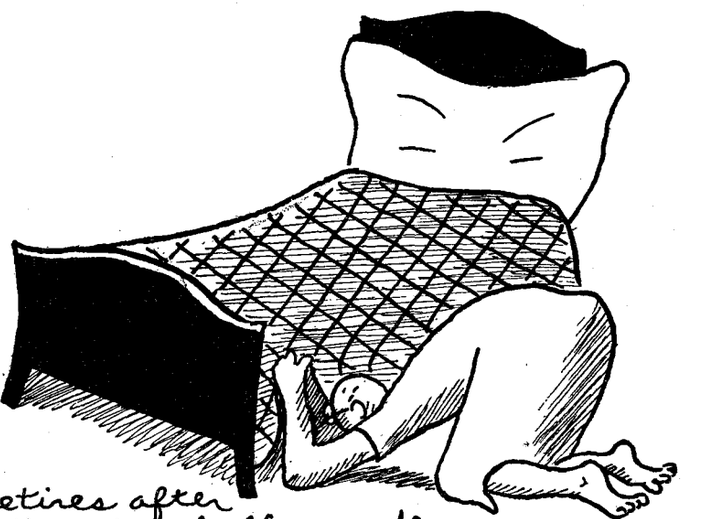


③ — to the stable for the horse and buggy



④ — a lull in the days activity

⑤ — makes play for woman vote by chucking snowball at baby daughter who is wearing homespun gown of sheer chiffon



⑥ Retires after looking carefully under bed for prosperity

a. Redfield

DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CANDIDATE

Redfield

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Scott Johnston

Roosevelt

BRUCE MINTON

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was born into the ruling class. Nothing of the "American Myth" about him: both his father and his father's father, all his ancestors back to 1636 when Claes van Roosevelt settled in New Amsterdam, were men of property, bankers, landholders, the gentry of the New World. Franklin D. Roosevelt inherited culture and money, an estate and the consciousness that he could take his place among that group he so often calls "we socially-minded people." Franklin D. Roosevelt has always considered that he has a mission: to become a "good man" in politics, a courageous leader in a country too often dominated by grafters; the impartial mediator in public office as opposed to the selfish newly-rich.

Young Frank got a good start in life. There was no lack of money to provide German and French governesses. He had the run of the huge baronial estate at Hyde Park, acquired by Franklin's great-grandfather and augmented by his grandfather. He was given the correct education for a son of an aristocratic American family: he prepared for college at Groton; he had four years at Harvard; he polished it off with a law course at Columbia. He married the proper girl, a socially prominent distant cousin, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, who brought a dowry of large real-estate holdings in Pennsylvania and substantial investments in the coal mines.

Franklin Roosevelt settled down to a gentleman's law career, to living on the huge estate where he could indulge his hobby of scientific farming. He shied away from politics for six years: when he did run for the New York State Senate, it was with a sense of fulfilling his duty as a good citizen. His campaign on the Democratic ticket (he inherited his political allegiance along with the estate) conformed to the good taste expected of an unselfish young aristocrat. The trend of the day was toward Wilsonian New Freedom supplemented by indignant attacks on political corruption. The amiable young aspirant from Dutchess County attacked the boss of Tammany Hall, Charles F. Murphy. Behind-the-scenes intrigue for control of Tammany gave Roosevelt the support of powerful banker groups anxious to place their own choice in Murphy's place and willing to use the zeal and reformism of the young state senator to this end. But Franklin Roosevelt was too much of a gentleman to concern himself with such sordid details.

His senatorial career was mild enough. He was a good mixer; his friends included political opponents and even the cruder men whom he found in politics. Now and then he lined up with Alfred E. Smith and Robert Wagner, because these men were "progressive" despite their allegiance to Boss Murphy. Roosevelt envisaged himself as a force for good. Yet his years in the Senate passed without personal distinction and, peculiarly enough, without his making any real effort to carry progressive ideas into action.

From the Senate he stepped into the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy where he served immediately before and during the World War. The young liberal aristocrat (the impartial "good man" in politics who considered himself above the battle) proved an ardent Big Navy advocate, a confirmed nationalist who urged American interference in Mexico, who shipped troops to Haiti, and who grew increasingly hostile to Germany.

The Democrats did not survive the War. Franklin Roosevelt was out of a job. After running as vice-presidential candidate with James M. Cox in 1920, he returned to Hyde Park and to his life as country squire. Then he was stricken with infantile paralysis. As Mauritz Hallgren points out, the psychological effects of paralysis are fully as severe as the physical handicap itself. Wealth could buy expert medical care; only courage and determination could overcome the severe blow of paralysis to an ambitious young man. Franklin Roosevelt had both courage and determination. His birthright implied the right to rule and he refused to be cheated.

In 1929, the Democrats drafted Roosevelt for governor of New York. Perhaps he really wanted the position but he at least made a good pretense of resisting the offer. Once in office, he resumed the role of "good man," of the "detached ruler" devoted to public welfare. He neither foresaw the crisis of American capitalism nor did he realize its implications once it arrived. He clung for a startlingly long time to his conviction that all America needed was good administrators, honest political figures like himself, who had the welfare of the people at heart. His vague, insubstantial reforms sounded well on paper; in practice they amounted to little or nothing. Franklin Roosevelt was a gentleman—but not an exceptional governor.

He defended the theory of states' rights. He opposed higher income taxes. He found it difficult to take sides, even against politicians who were obviously not "good men." Roosevelt carefully avoided the predicament of allowing theories to obtrude on practical politics. He wanted, above all things, to be everyone's friend—bankers and clerks, workers and industrialists, the unemployed and Wall Street, the professors and Tammany. Franklin Roosevelt managed to keep out of the Tammany scandals—which meant that during the Seabury investigations he played a skillful game of blowing hot and cold at the same time, giving comfort to the corrupt while demanding "integrity" in government officials.

The governor of New York was the logical choice for the Democratic presidential nomination. It took some maneuvering to overcome Alfred E. Smith's opposition and that of the various favorite sons. Jim Farley did the maneuvering. Jim Farley was not a "good man" in politics. He was a shrewd, glad-handing political boss, the practical politician who can make a president.

For over three years, Roosevelt has ruled America as Chief Executive. Three years that have seen "bold experimentation": the NRA, the AAA, the CWA, the gold policy —they and many other experiments have come and gone. Government expenditures soared—and the large proportion went for armaments; for manipulating the silver market (which proved profitable to a handful of silver magnates); for destruction of crops (so that those that did not have sufficient to eat could be sure of not eating); for paying benefits to farmers (the *big* capitalist farmers); for inflation (which boosted the cost of living for the small middle-class groups and for the workers). Roosevelt, the "liberal," the unbiased leader, paid lip service to the right of workers through organization to force higher wages and better living conditions. But when workers took Section 7a of the NRA seriously, Roosevelt invariably sided with the employers—in San Francisco, in the Jennings case, in the automotive industry, to cite a few instances.

The record of the gentleman in politics has been one of continually urging progressive action while repeatedly struggling against putting progressive legislation into effect. The Security and Exchange Commission (designed to "control" Wall Street) made elaborate promises that unscrupulous stock manipulators would finally be curbed. Roosevelt appointed a stock gambler to guide the Commission. The New Deal housing program (houses for all) benefited a handful. The WPA wage scale undermined union standards established in the past by organized labor only after bitter, arduous fights. Social security legislation set up a watered insurance for those workers willing and able to pay for it out of their own pockets. Roosevelt, the ardent defender of democracy, refused to

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protect civil liberties, to fight the tories, to resist the usurpation of power by the Supreme Court. Franklin Roosevelt is a man of grand gestures and brave but empty words.

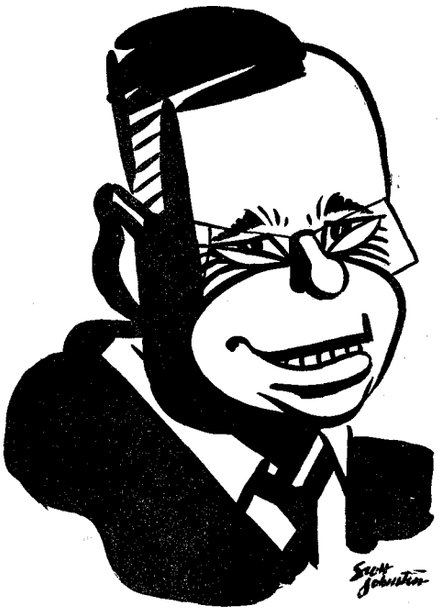
Now Franklin D. Roosevelt asks to be re-elected. The "good man" in politics has never understood—or more accurately, has never questioned—the capitalist system. He wants it to work: therefore, it *must* work. It is not the system that brings economic crisis; it is the lack of "good men" in politics. Franklin Roosevelt has selected those good men. He values brains. But he must have the final word.

He desires everyone's friendship. His actions are tentative. The response to what he does, determines his future course — not an ideal or theory or previously determined plan. Like all "strong men" in capitalist politics, Franklin Roosevelt fears organized opposition. The bankers and reactionaries—erstwhile supporters—have mobilized into the Liberty League against him. William Randolph Hearst leads the crusade—the goal is fascism. Roosevelt fights back with words and placates his enemies by his actions. He gives way smilingly—to the Right. But the strength of the opposition primarily determines his retreat. Opposition from the Left could force him toward a more liberal course or at least impede his trend toward reaction. Roosevelt, the political weathervane, swings with the stronger wind.

In that important respect, Roosevelt differs from his Republican opponent. Alf Landon is the Liberty League's property. His position is fixed once and for all. No indecisiveness in Landon's stand. Yet though Roosevelt can never be trusted as a liberal leader, he can be profoundly affected by a big vote for the parties of the left.

Significantly, in 1932 Roosevelt was willing to come to terms even with William Randolph Hearst if that meant election. Nor was Roosevelt completely ungrateful: Hearst got a big navy, a strong expanded army, a huge military appropriation from the present administration. But with no longer a hope to be President, Hearst pictures himself as the guiding force behind a Republican administration. Roosevelt goes Right at too slow a pace for Hearst, and there is always the possibility that strong opposition can retard and even stop this retreat. Hearst wants the whole hog—and Landon promises it to him.

Franklin D. Roosevelt desires a second term. Born to the ruling class, he has achieved the place that money and family position, education and a will to dominate can obtain for his class in democratic America. He is a man of many words and charming voice, of a captivating smile. He is the aristocrat who can contradict himself without a qualm, who can retreat, turn about, violate his own principles without thinking twice. He who wants to be all things to all people is in essence the friend of those whose power he can see and fear. He wants to be re-elected so that Franklin D. Roosevelt can become, in history, the great American myth.



Landon

DEWITT GILPIN

OUTSIDE the mercury was registering 110 in the shade. Inside the capitol building, Governor Alf Landon was urging the state legislature to vote an amendment to the state constitution that would delay a solution of the relief problem for another six months. Before him some thirty newspaper men wiped the sweat out of their eyes and tried to think how to make copy out of this event. "Gosh," said the reporter from Chicago, "I hope those relief people stay camped up there in the gallery. That's a story. Landon isn't."

The despair of correspondents looking for "color," Landon long ago mastered the ability to say nothing at the right time. Examine his political record. There you find not one brilliant speech, not one decisive move producing real legislation. This is indicative of the man and of a political party that has picked an amiable, easy-going figurehead behind which to amass the blackest of reaction.

Turn to any political ward of a large city and interview the local "boss." Chances are that he will be a near duplicate of the Republican standard-bearer. Obviously simple, but intelligent enough to know that he must remain true to the financial interests that back him, he will be, like Alf, a typical representative of a corrupt political party. Landon is a product of bi-partisan Kansas where the two old parties "play ball" with each other regardless of who is in office. Example: the close relationship that exists between Landon and Secretary Woodring. So disgusted are the voters of Kansas with this bi-partisan set-up that Landon was almost defeated for governor by the quack doctor Brinkley, who specializes in rejuvenation with goat glands.

A veteran political writer here describes the Landon state machine as "a bunch who would double-cross their own mother if she was running for office." Election Day 1932, when Landon was first elected governor, can be used to determine just how clean Kansas politics are. On this day both old parties rented radio stations and gave out fraudulent election returns.

As a product of such petty intrigue it is natural that Landon deals in shameless, if rather muddle-headed, demagoguery. His powder-puff attacks on concentrated wealth, made regularly at election time, shed an interesting light on this question. In 1932, speaking of the need to lighten the taxes on the poor, he said: "The sensible program for lightening the crushing burden on farm and real estate is to shift a part of it to concentrated wealth." Two months later, with the election won, he declared: "Wealth and business always decline under oppressive taxation and a people begin to decay when they do not resist burdensome taxation."

Last October he walked out on a committee of the jobless when they accused him of washing his hands of their fate "like Pilate." The basis for the charge: Landon has always refused state action on relief, contending that the unemployed must be cared for either by the federal government or the counties. Rather than allocate funds from the well-stocked state treasury to aid the counties, Landon, despite Supreme Court decisions to the contrary, insisted that the state constitution blocked such action. The reason was political. In every county in Kansas there are local bosses who are petty bourbons in their own bailiwicks. Many of them from the wealthy counties opposed state action on relief because they did not want their counties taxed for the benefit of the less fortunate ones. Landon agreed. Each county was left to raise its own relief funds with the result that work-relief wages are being paid in the state as low as $1 per day with a maximum of $5 per family. Likewise the state institutions for the poor, the insane, and the criminal were allowed to remain in a deplorable condition. A report of the Kansas Emergency Relief Committee states that the similarity between the poor houses described in *Oliver Twist* and the ones in Kansas "is astonishing."

In the face of such conditions the unemployed have organized and conducted several determined struggles. Alarmed by the problem, amiable Alf has become as skittish as an old maid and even considered, for a short time, that one of the "agitators" was plotting to do him physical harm. Advisors close to him conducted an investigation of the unemployed organizations and came forward with the novel but untrue theory that the Democratic machine of Tom Pendergast in Missouri was financing Communist agitators "to stir up the unemployed." There is ample evidence to indicate that Alf's own state

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patrol had something to do with the kidnaping and beating of the Communist organizer, Max Salzman. In any emergency Landon has always called out the national guard, and the presence of thirty-five delegates of the Kansas Allied Workers—50 percent of them women and children—seated in the galleries when the last session of the legislature convened, was sufficient cause for him to have some eighty-five patrolmen and national guardsmen on the scene.

The last session of the legislature furnishes, itself, an excellent example of the brazen and not too subtle tomfoolery that Landon deals in. Because of the stink that relief conditions were raising, it became necessary to make a gesture. Consequently a "social security" session was called. The session, it was stated, was to make possible old-age pensions, social insurance, and the granting of relief funds to the counties by the state through a new constitutional amendment. This amendment must be referred to the people at the regular election in November, which means that the status quo of relief will be unchanged for another six months. This reveals the real purpose of the session—to maintain the present starvation program rather than alter it. The unemployed, organized labor, and the Democrats in the legislature were quick to point this out, but the Republicans, with a large majority in both houses, ignored them and pushed through Alf's proposal in record time, using, so Senator McDonald charged, "gang tactics that would put Chicago to shame."

With nothing in the state constitution stopping him, Landon elected to let the jobless hunger for another half year. On top of this he committed another crime—the delegations representing the drought-stricken farmers were told that their problem could not be taken up. This would have meant commitment on a question of national scope; something that Landon, riding too many horses already, didn't want to make. Obviously, no tory whips will need to crack over Landon, for he is too sensitive to their needs. He appears conscious of his role as provincial "window dressing" for the Hearst-Republican-Liberty-League alliance and answers direct questions on the subject with his well-worn line: "You can't tell how a horse will work until you hitch him up."

A story relates that a distant relative of Landon's came to him in distress, bringing his wife and children directly to the office in the State House. Once a farmer, the man had lost his land, then his car, and last of all he had been cut off from relief and his family evicted. Now he appealed to Landon.

Alf seemed deeply touched at his relative's plight and sat for several moments in deep thought. "I must do something for you," Landon finally said. "Yes, I will do something for you! By God, I'm going to see that you get back on relief!"

It doesn't matter if the story is true. It illustrates a point. To get relief in Kansas you almost have to be a relative of Alf's.

Lemke

THOMAS BROMLEY

SPRING—especially the month of May—rolls sweetly up into North Dakota, dyeing the prairies a deeper green and shooting shivers up the spine of the farm boy as he goes out to the cows in the morning mists.

Spring 1921 was no exception. But to one man, at least, it was a bitter month. William Lemke kept mopping his freckled face uneasily one fresh May afternoon, and to anyone not in the know it would have seemed that he was rushing the perspiration season a little. But as the day wore on, it became clear that he had good reason for plying the bandanna.

For that day the North Dakota Grand Jury indicted him on a charge of embezzling $216,378 from the state's Central Bank. Further, it indicted him on charges of making false reports to the state banking department and for a number of other unpleasant things.

"Dirty politics!" shrilled Lemke. And maybe that was the answer, because in April 1922 the indictments were quashed. True, they were brought in again in September, but again they were quashed.

Just the same, there was no denying the fact that during the period of Lemke's incumbency in the attorney-generalship, part of which time Lynn Frazier (of Frazier-Lemke mortgage bill fame) was governor of the state, thirty-two banks had closed their doors as a result of financial policies and operations in which Lemke participated as a member of the Non-Partisan League. This league, on a reform and cooperative program, had wrested control of the Republican Party from the old guard in 1919 to win control of the state government, and was swept to power again in 1920.

Then thirty-two banks failed, and the voters of the state, enraged at the financial debacle that occurred during the regime of Lemke and his colleagues, held a recall election in 1921 and ousted them from office. Since then Lemke, Union Party candidate for president, held no political office until he bobbed up as a Republican congressman in 1932. Ousted from office in a recall vote by an aroused electorate as a consequence of a financial scandal, and elected to no office for another eleven years, William Lemke now offers himself (with Father Coughlin's rasping blessing) not only as presidential timber, but as the messiah of the American people.

And on a financial reform platform!

Maybe he suffers from a fiscal complex—or maybe it's a messiah complex. At any rate, on the former score, it must be noted that when the Scandinavian American Bank of North Dakota crashed (one of the first and biggest to go) in 1921, of its excess loans of $734,194.32, some $432,950 were in the hands of Lemke's Non-Partisan League or its affiliates, secured by nothing better than farmers' post-dated checks. This playing fast and loose with fiscal matters runs like a red thread through Lemke's career.

On the messiah question, Lemke was one of the first to climb aboard the band wagon of the Non-Partisan League, which was being promoted by one Arthur Townley, who divided his time between taking flyers in the flax market and organizing for the Socialist Party. The league had big ideas, and Townley could talk about them. State ownership of grain elevators, cold-storage warehouses, and milling plants were in their program, and to a certain extent these things were carried out, in the face of bitter opposition by local bankers. But, as a consequence of internal laxity, everything went haywire and Lemke almost landed in jail. One gets the impression that he likes the messianic touch, and that thus he was sold a bill of goods by Mr. Townley. This notion is reinforced by his readiness to talk turkey with the Oracle of the Little Flower, Townsend, and the Rev. Gerald Smith.

Lemke's record in Congress shows that he backed, with William Randolph Hearst, the inflationary Patman bonus bill—again that red thread of fiscal irresponsibility—although he must have known it would saddle the masses of the people with additional hardship. Most of his energies in the House have been spent in attempting to put through the Frazier-Lemke mortgage-relief bill, which would have granted some relief where it was needed, but which was stamped with the inflationary tendency that seems inseparable from Lemke and is probably one important reason Father Coughlin chose him. Lemke's efforts on behalf of this bill, apparently, were too much for him. For he failed to open his mouth even once on the floor of the House in behalf of the Frazier-Lundeen Social Insurance bill.

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Jovial as well as freckled, Lemke can make an impression as a son of the soil. And as a graduate of Yale Law School, northwestern liberal-reform politics, and the House of Representatives oratorical system, Lemke will make a campaigner not to be scoffed at. And his fondness for Chihuahua pups and gladioli will probably come in handy for the newsreels—especially the Hearst *Metrotone News*. Besides this, many of those who have had contact with him regard him as an "honest" politician.

To spend a moment on the rather unimportant question of motives, one would like to know how Candidate Lemke explains, since he professes to speak for the rank and file of America, why there wasn't a rank and file convention to pass upon his nomination and his platform.

Moreover, as the *Daily Worker* pointed out, the announcement of his candidacy by Lemke, and the subsequent endorsement by Coughlin, was a misleading order of events. It was recalled at the time that nearly a week before Lemke's announcement, the radio priest had said he was preparing to back a candidate. Really, Coughlin chose Lemke.

Further, there is another little bit, which ties up very closely with the objective logic of Lemke's candidacy and which seems to point the finger unwaveringly at a great big question mark where his "integrity" is concerned. The matter is this: from the right wing of the capitalist press to the *Daily Worker,* official organ of the Communist Party, Lemke's entrance into the campaign was recognized at once as being much more of a threat to Roosevelt than to Landon, and to increase greatly the chances of the Hearst-Liberty-League combination to crash the White House. This observation on the part of all sections of the press dovetailed, to make a pretty pattern much in the shape of a swastika, with the fact that most of Lemke's and Coughlin's and Townsend's and Smith's campaign thunder has been directed against Roosevelt, rather than against Landon. Objectively, then, there is no question that Lemke's candidacy is primarily directed against Roosevelt and benefits the Hearst-Liberty-League crew.

Accidental? Then ponder this: another observation the whole capitalist press and the left-wing press made when Lemke's candidacy was announced was that the only place he could hurt Landon was in the West, where Lemke's following is strong. How convenient, then, that several of the western states' deadlines for the filing of party candidates had already elapsed. But in Kansas, Alf Landon's stronghold, there was ample time, after the Union Party's candidate had been announced, for the party to file its list. But in the New York *Times* we read that "Frank J. Ryan, Secretary of State [Kansas] said . . . that the deadline for filing lists of candidates had expired without the Union Party having taken steps to establish itself legally in that state." There's a pal, Alf!

Thomas

AL RICHMAN

A CONVENTION is in progress. For four days, ten thousand men and women from all parts of the country, from diverse sections of the population, have listened to dangerous talk. America's ace fascists have drawn them, cheering, to their feet through a barrage of shameless demagogy that must look to other lands for its equal. The convention is definitely (and unmistakably) being swung to a third-party mirage which in its beautiful and flimsy outlines conceals the vast desert of Hearstism.

A man steps upon the stage. A glance marks him as totally different from most of his predecessors. There is no loose-tongued demagogy in his speech. It is simple and argumentative. After the four days of oratory and uproar, it is refreshing to hear him attempt to reason with these people.

In calm tones, he tells them that the doctrine which they regard as absolute as the Scriptures is impractical. Instead, he offers them another hope, fuller in essence, more distant in realization. The assembly has no doubt as to his honesty and sincerity, yet it boos him. He smiles. (Later newspapers remark that being booed is no new experience with him.) In spite of the adverse reaction, he leaves with the feeling that he "saw his duty and he done it." He has not betrayed his principles in attempting to "enlighten" these misguided people.

The convention, as by now you have guessed, is the Townsend convention. The man is Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for the presidency.

We have chosen the stage in Cleveland to introduce Thomas, not only because of the very recent enactment of the drama, but because he appeared there in such a typical role. Thomas before the Townsendites exhibited in sharpest contrast his virtues and his faults. More important, the relation between them, which is gaining the ascendancy in the current campaign, was displayed in living terms.

The incident has another advantage. In the Public Auditorium were presented in a highly graphic and concentrated form some of the most elemental conflicts in American life. We are therefore able to evaluate our man not through the still-life study of an easy-chair interview, but through a swift and incisive glance at him near the barbed wires, meeting and grappling with the problems of America.

Just a brief synopsis of what happened before Thomas entered the scene. At the start it seemed like a free-for-all with Lemke but a slight favorite. This was evidenced on the first day of the convention by the cheers that greeted the slogan, "We are not going to lose with Lemke, we are going to win with Townsend," and the all-Southern caucus which definitely declared itself against endorsement of the Union Party.

But the next day the deal was clinched. In the morning the triple alliance of Coughlin, Smith, and Townsend was announced to the world. Shortly afterward the benediction for the new-born babe was delivered by the shirt-sleeved radio priest who resurrected Judas, dug up the shopworn "thirty dirty pieces of silver," and damned Roosevelt. Coughlin supplied the ideological climax to the convention.

The gathering in Cleveland was a typical middle-class one. It was a very malleable body, disorganized, heterogeneous in its political views, held together by one central *motif*—old-age pensions. Although devoid of the curative qualities with which it was said to be endowed, the demand for pensions was progressive.

That demand gave labor the edge. The composition of the delegates made the convention easy prey for fascist demagogues. They made full use of that advantage. By the time Thomas appeared, they were already swooping on their quarry.

Thus the issue was clear. In a practical and immediate political sense it was the issue before the country—democracy or fascism, progress or reaction. The fascists themselves forced that issue to the forefront.

Thomas did not meet the issue. He arrived with some preconceived notions, notions that are guiding his campaign. To him, "Socialism or capitalism" is the problem of the day. His blunders arose from that original misconception. But the rules for this game had been laid down. Disregarding them, he tried to play pinochle with a poker deck.

That was the tragedy of Thomas and the Townsendites. That is the tragedy of Thomas in the election campaign.

The Townsend convention is not the only recent occasion on which Thomas, in his political confusion, played into the hands

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of the reaction. Equally serious was his blunder in aiding Landon on the labor question. The Republican candidate has been frankly for the open shop. He stands by the Republican platform, as does the steel trust, which quotes that platform in its newspaper ads declaring war on unionism. All that Norman Thomas succeeded in accomplishing by his letter to Landon was to give the Liberty League's candidate a chance to sugar-coat his anti-labor policy. Thomas helped Landon directly in improving his demagogy; but the fact remains that Landon has not changed his position one iota on the labor question.

Thomas could not have committed a more dangerous mistake. Despite the waning influence of Thomas among the workers, there are those whom he still influences. These will betray their own best interests if, as a result of the Thomas-Landon correspondence, they believe in Landon's "pro-labor" phrases hastily voiced at Thomas's suggestion.

Two opposing tendencies are at work to make Thomas the paradox of presidential politics. On the one hand, he is a firm believer in the processes of democracy, thinking that Socialism can be attained through them. He is an ardent defender of civil rights, a fighter for social security, organization of labor, aid to the farmers. He is a sincere opponent of war, even if mistaken in the policies that best can postpone and avert it. On all these immediate needs, his platform is honest and progressive.

On the other hand, with ostrich-like obstinacy he fails to see the very real and imminent danger of a Hearst-Landon victory. With the slogan "Socialism or capitalism" as his guiding light he sees in simple terms of black and white. All capitalist parties are of a kind, and indiscriminate blows are to be delivered at all of them alike.

With labor and the country generally more astute than Thomas in this matter, he is traveling toward an isolation to match that of Christ on the day of the crucifixion.

Thomas went a long way to arrive at Socialism. A descendant of a line of Welsh Presbyterian ministers, a graduate of Princeton, a settlement worker for a year and a minister for another ten, Thomas was catapulted into the camp of socialism by the World War. Today, at 53, as the authoritative leader of the Socialist Party, he must travel further. Perhaps the Socialist ship veers so crazily to the left because it has just tossed overboard some dead weight from the starboard side. It is to be hoped that it gets onto a truer course. Thomas can be a factor in bringing that about.

For Thomas personally and even more for the party he represents, it is necessary to abandon that "exclusive" leftism and join the ever-greater number of workers, farmers, and middle-class people who are gathering for the big battle to defeat reaction and secure peace, freedom, and progress. From that victorious battle they will go on to Socialism.

Browder

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

IF, one evening last week, in the course of peddling Fuller brushes or the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* you had chanced to knock on the door of a certain Yonkers, N. Y., apartment, and were admitted by the pleasant, slender housewife, you might have noticed in the modest living-room, sitting in his stocking feet and poring over a pile of newspapers, a plain-looking man whose face was lined with determination. That would have been Earl Russell Browder, Communist Party candidate for President of the United States.

He would have been sitting in his stocking feet because he likes to sit around home in his stocking feet; he would have been absorbed in a stack of newspapers because the march of events has always fascinated him; and his face would have been lined with determination because for over twenty-five years he has been fighting the battles of the working class, against heavy odds, and with marked success.

The little domestic scene might have been different in one small detail if it were not for the taking ways of the New York City police. You might have found him playing the flute, as he did in the band at Leavenworth prison when he was serving his term for opposing the war and the draft. But about fifteen years ago the New York police raided his home in the city and decamped with the $250 flute that was his pride and joy. And while they couldn't find any criminal action against him, they never brought back his flute.

The term in Leavenworth was in no sense an unpredictable event in Browder's career. His father was a pacifist Socialist before him, and if we can take Earl's word for it, he became a Socialist when he was ten, when his father took him and several of the other six sisters and brothers to a Socialist meeting in their home town of Wichita, Kansas.

His father had settled in Wichita in his teens, after trekking across the prairies with his foster-parents from the "little Egypt" section in the southern tip of Illinois. Earl's father was an orphan at the age of ten, which is no great wonder, for he was born the last of eighteen children when his father —Earl's grandfather—was sixty-five. That virile old gentleman was born in 1790 and fought the British in the War of 1812. There's one member of the present clan who goes in for genealogy, and he's been able to trace the line back to some Browders who settled in Virginia in 1650, and who, it must be confessed, seem to have been planters of the *kulak* stripe.

Earl Browder, born May 20, 1891, came naturally to his habit of insisting that come what may, right and reason shall prevail. His paternal grandfather, who fought the British, was a Methodist preacher, and passed the torch to his father, who was just about ready to graduate from a Methodist seminary and be ordained when he got hold of some Unitarian tracts and pulled up sharp. He quit the seminary and became a school teacher, spending his summers in a buckboard peddling furniture to schools. He then got into the swing of the Populist movement, becoming a follower of "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, Populist Congressman from Kansas. He turned Socialist after the Pullman strike in 1893. And Earl's mother, too, was nobody's tame canary. She was a militant Socialist.

And so, although Earl came from a poverty-stricken family (which lived through a whole winter once on $1.50 a week for bread plus some milk a neighbor gave them), his early start in radicalism can't be entirely traced to the material conditions of his life. There was a heritage of theory there, too.

His career as an organizer started before he was in his teens (he had to leave school to go to work at the age of nine) when he organized the cash boys, of whom he was one, in a Wichita department store. The strike came a cropper and he was fired, for the first and only time in his life. Later he became a Western Union messenger, and worked 10 to 12 hours a day, six days a week. At fifteen he joined the Socialist Party and at sixteen he became a ledger clerk in a wholesale drug house. The owner of the business hated his guts for being a Socialist, but grudgingly admired his ability. He became office and credit manager at nineteen, but quit when the job threatened his principles.

In 1912 Browder moved to Kansas City, and left the Socialist Party because of the expulsion by Hillquit's right wing of militant fighters like Bill Haywood and because he was a revolutionist, not a reformist. About that time he also got a taste of the "middle way" of consumer cooperation, becoming an employe of the Farmers' Cooperative of Olathe (Kan.), which at the height

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of its power owned half the town, including a department store, a bank, an insurance company, a grain elevator, etc. At that time he joined the Syndicalist League of North America in which William Z. Foster, Communist Party presidential candidate in 1932, was active.

Browder became a member of an A. F. of L. union, the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Local 14268, in 1914, and was at once made delegate to the Labor Temple Association and presently was put on the board of trustees. Given the job of auditing the books, he resorted to the unprecedented tactic of asking for a bank statement so he could check the balance shown in the books against the bank balance. The treasurer went out to get the bank statement and never came back. He was $1,600 short. In 1915 his union sent Browder as delegate to the Central Labor Union. There, together with other left-wingers, he came close to swinging the C.L.U. for the militant syndicalist policy of Foster's organization.

Industrial unionism was a central objective of Foster's syndicalist group in the A.F. of L., and Browder in the Kansas City Central Labor Union pressed the point strongly. At the time his bible, which he says now sounds pretty silly, was André Tridon's *Syndicalisme,* written before he took up Freud. The first Tom Mooney defense committee outside of Frisco was formed in Kansas City by Browder and other left-wingers.

Early in 1917, Kansas City, along with much of the Middle West, was definitely anti-war—not pro-German, just plain anti-war. Earl Browder played a leading part in founding the League for Democratic Control, which was opposed to the draft and which brought forth some near-Leninist slogans when it declaimed against imperialist war and called upon the armed workers to wrest power from their own bourgeoisie. He helped organize a meeting in February 1917 which sent to Washington as an anti-war lobbyist a young school teacher who was fired for teaching her pupils to say, instead of the Salute to the Flag: "I refuse to take my brother's life and hide my bloody fists in any flag."

The organizers of the League for Democratic Control were pinched on Decoration Day, 1917. They were jailed in Platte County, charged with conspiracy to obstruct the operation of the federal oleomargarine law. Just why this law was chosen Earl, being only a political scientist, cannot say. The fact that it had nothing to do with anything was a small point. "All I had to do," the prosecutor admitted afterward, "was to wave the flag. I got my conviction." Maybe it was lucky it was conspiracy to defeat the oleomargarine law—that carried only a two-year penalty. While they were in jail, the day came around for draft registration. Earl and his brother Bill refused to register, and were indicted and convicted and sentenced to a year more. The shorter term was served in the Platte County jail, during which time they had leisure for Marx and Engels.

While they were in the hoosegow the October Revolution broke and showed them where they really belonged. When they emerged they rejoined the Socialist Party, in which the left wing was at that time in a powerful position. The Browders' lawyer ran out on them and Earl made the plea on the appeal of the "conspiracy" conviction. They lost and went to Fort Leavenworth for two years more, of which they had served fifteen months when they were paroled. In prison, they read more revolutionary classics and Earl played the flute in the band. Meanwhile the Communist Party had been founded. Twenty-four hours after he was released, Earl Browder sat in at a party organizing conference in Kansas City. Then he went East, getting a job in New York in the accounting department of a wholesale grocery house.

Browder organized the first American trade-union delegation to the Red International of Labor Unions in Moscow. Foster, fresh from the great struggle in steel, and Haywood were members of the delegation. They came back in December, 1921.

From that time on, Browder was entrusted with party work of primary importance. In 1922 he and Foster formed the Trade Union Educational League, with Foster as organizer and Browder as editor of the *Labor Herald.* The T.U.E.L. carried on the great drive for the amalgamation of craft unions into industrial unions, and succeeded in winning international unions whose membership totaled a million and a half for the new form of organization.

In 1927 Browder was assigned by the Red International of Labor Unions to organize the Pan-Pacific Trade Union Congress, which met in Canton, China. The war lords showed great deference to the international delegation, at the same time that they hunted the Chinese Communists. When the counter-revolution set in in Canton, Browder escaped on foot over the mountains to Hankow, whence he came down the Yang-tze River to Shanghai, where he stayed a year as secretary of the Pan-Pacific and edited a journal that was slipped past the censors in China, Japan, Australia, and other Pacific nations. In 1928 he attended the Sixth World Congress of the Comintern in Moscow, and in 1930 the seventh convention of the Communist Party of the United States elected him its general secretary, a post which he has held ever since.

Robert Groth

"All our company-union organizers have to be six feet tall."

Browder is a quiet, genial man of medium height and coloring. His eyes twinkle readily to relieve the rather grave and sometimes grim look that the deep lines in his face impart. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of his countenance is the ever-present cheap cigar jutting upward from the corner of his mouth. And yet he has never been known to say that what this country needs most is a good five-cent cigar. He likes the movies for relaxation. And for a leading party functionary, he spends a surprising number of evenings at home with his wife and children. When he comes home from a trip he always goes home first, then to his office.

Browder's wide experience, the traditions of his family, his unremitting study of books and events, have fitted him to play a leading role in the American revolutionary movement; and later, after his experiences abroad, these factors developed him into an international figure.

Among his Party comrades, Browder is respected as an efficient organizer and lucid thinker. One of his outstanding qualities is his ability to analyze political trends and changes clearly and concisely.

Among workers he is known as a speaker whose ideas are all the more effective because they are presented with such quiet restraint. He can present the most complicated political problems in language which any worker can understand.

Browder is equally respected in middle-class groups. His brief address at the opening meeting of the American Writers Congress was the outstanding talk of the evening, and later, reading that speech in print, a leading literary critic expressed surprise and pleasure at the fact that it read as well as it sounded. Browder thinks every problem through, whether it be trade unionism or literature, national politics or foreign affairs; he knows how to convey those ideas in speaking and writing to the most backward and the most advanced; and he knows how to translate those ideas into action.

The high point of his career so far must have been that dramatic moment in Madison Square Garden early this summer when 25,000 voices acclaimed him the Communist candidate for president of the United States. Standing there before the microphones, a little flushed, but calm as always, he was every inch the standard-bearer of an American revolutionary movement which had attained maturity and was ready to fight in this election campaign for a free, prosperous, and happy America.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Greatness

THE BIG MONEY, by John Dos Passos. Harcourt Brace & Co. $2.50.

THE *42nd Parallel,* the first volume in the series of which *The Big Money* is the third, was published in 1930 and must have been begun at least a year earlier. Jules Romains's vast novel, *Men of Good Will,* is perhaps a more recent conception but his short novel, *The Death of a Nobody,* published in the early twenties, almost as the manifesto of a movement then called Unanism, foreshadowed what is now called the "collective novel." The point I want to make is that a shift in interest from the individual to society had already begun some years before the present concentration upon social subjects. Nor are these instances solitary. The same direction may be discerned in other work, for example even in Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises,* which depends relatively little upon studied individual characterization, but seeks to give a personality to a whole generation. There was already growing in the consciousness of writers, before the crisis had made the class struggle clinically visible, an awareness that in contemporary life the fate of the individual was more than ever determined by the fortunes of his class.

By this I do not want to be understood as announcing the decline and fall of the novel of individual characterization and the rise of the collective novel, examples of which are still scarce. Many novelists are very ably doing what they wish to do (even where it is the illumination of the class struggle) from the focus of individual character. There is little likelihood that the interest in individual character will ever end or that its technical advantages will be lost sight of. It is to be noted that in Dos Passos's novels, separate characters are, through the use of concentrated narrative, given as full a development as in most novels. I have attempted here only to indicate the historical place of the collective novel, to show that it is not merely an experiment in technique but an expression of the time spirit and a significant response to social change.

In the three novels, *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money,* we have, in the main, a fictionized history of the American middle class in the last generation. From this class most of the characters are drawn; and the crises in their lives reflect their class fortunes. The class is a frustrated one, and the omens of its defeat are visible in hours of apparent triumph.

The defeat is the special theme of *The Big Money,* the scenes of which shift to and fro between New York, Detroit, Hollywood, and Miami, wherever the big money comes easy; sweated out on the factory belt, waterbloated in Wall Street, alchemized out of Florida sunshine, stamped out of merchandised sex-appeal in Hollywood. The defeat is on two fronts—in the bid for economic power, and in the undertaking to set up a special civilization of the middle-class intelligentsia. For it was middle-class intellectuals, many of them artists buried in commerce—newspaper men, advertising men, commercial artists, and so on—who nurtured the modern arts now blooming in Rockefeller's Radio City, and who sought to establish as common rights the anarchy of conduct formerly held as the privilege of the rich.

The first is powerfully shown in the career of Charley Anderson, one-time garage mechanic who comes back from France with two exploitable assets, his reputation as an aviation ace and his invention of a new airplane starter. The developing aviation industry makes use of both. Charley has a swift career, upward. Part owner in a small plant, then executive in a big plant, he gets in the money. He plays the stock market in a sort of frenzied tasting of the sense of money power. He is dazzled by the slender daughters of aristocratic families whose arrogance is as pure as an essence. He marries one of them, to be used by her as heartlessly as a male by an insect queen. But he never feels more than naturalized in the class he has risen into. His happiest moments and memories, his truest loyalty, is with the Czech mechanic whose company he resorts to in the search for genuine human contact. He becomes what might be termed a lumpen millionaire, retreating into drink and high living to bury his confusion. He is being frozen out of his holdings, and his elimination is only a matter of time, when he does the job for his enemies. He kills himself driving a car while drunk. I say "kills himself" deliberately, for the heedless life he had been leading had in it a yearning for and a standing invitation to death.

Another key figure is that of Eveline Hutchins, intelligent, charming, and restless, living on sensation, swept by vague ambitions which sediment down into a taste for notoriety, and finally into maintaining a salon for the purpose of providing a setting for, and of holding her lover. She becomes one of the most successful hostesses in the Greenwich Village that, during the twenties, cut the stock patterns of "civilized" living in America. In her studios you could always count on finding an awesome collection of celebrities. Her affairs were public. Her patiently modern husband stood it for a time; then, through a hushed divorce, he quietly removed himself and the anachronous decoration of marriage from her menage. Her lover, however, marries another woman and Eveline brings her problem to a stale solution with an overdose of veronal. Shocked friends remember that it climaxed one of her best parties; that she had looked tired; and that she had been amused by the exclamations of sophisticated guests over the presence of so many authentic celebrities.

The companion pieces are the careers of Richard Ellsworth Savage, the publicity man, putting a sensitive and keen intelligence to degenerate uses and anaesthetizing his sense of futility in alcohol; Margulies, the "art" photographer who becomes a movie solon, shutting up banalities in mystifying phrases, a verbal dark room in which they develop into banalities focused and highlighted. Hollywood has often been satirized but never so mordantly, never from the angle that Hollywood, besides being a triumph of money adventurism, is a realization of mutilated dreams of art.

In these and, in fact, in most of the other characters, the portraiture, that of the individual faces and the composite face they blend into, is superb. Passages in the book are among the surest realistic writing I have ever read. The scenes with Charley Anderson's family are truer Main Street than Sinclair Lewis's; Eveline Hutchins's last party reaches a point of ironic tragedy not attained by any other portrayer of the lost generation.

However, in his characterization of Mary French, the middle-class liberal sympathizer who steps out of her class to work with the labor movement, and still more in the characterization of the revolutionists, Ben Compton and Don Stevens, Dos Passos falls short. Mary French is noticeably a stock character of Dos Passos. Daughter, in *1919,* was a variant of the type. She is eager, sincere, and over-credulous. Her life is an automatic function of sympathetic response. Especially in the later sections where she is involved with Compton and Stevens, the drive of Don Passos's narrative, always so concentrated and swift, seems to fall into the hum of a machine, the action is so dehumanized.

Compton and Stevens are unreal. They are twenty-four-hour-a-day revolutionists. Humanity is replaced in them by a sort of mechanism for revolutionary activity that permits at the same time automatic operation of the vital functions. It is a common enough concept of the revolutionary, the usual rationalization of this challenging exception in society, who seeks to make it over in the image of his ideals. Dos Passos is sympa-

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thetic, he seeks to arouse respect instead of horror; but his concept is nevertheless the dehumanized figure of tradition. There is an attempt to restore balance by giving Compton and Stevens love affairs, but the affairs have a super-Bohemian quality. One can only add that revolutionists do not love, as they do not talk and work, like Ben Compton and Don Stevens. In a writer of Dos Passos's sensitiveness such a failure is a great disappointment.

There has been considerable controversy over Dos Passos's use of his especially developed literary devices, the *newsreels* in which he makes a mosaic of the news headlines, advertising catchlines, song-hit choruses of the period, the *camera eyes* in which he seeks to capture the mood of the period, and the brief biographies of significant characters of the period, in whose notoriety and influence contemporary forces in America are symbolized. Some critics regard these passages, in spite of the universally admitted eloquence and beauty of the writing, as unessential, even as excrescences. Such an attitude fails to understand their functions in Dos Passos's narrative.

In the first place the tempo of his narrative is so swift and its material is so concentrated that it provides no room for the asides, the speculations, the psychological analyses, the set descriptions, and background layouts which most novelists incorporate as essential textual elements. This material which other novelists scatter through their writing, Dos Passos separates out, organizes, gives distinct forms and functions to. And this specialization justifies itself in the effectiveness with which they do their work. The *newsreels,* for instance, give continuity and the time sense; the brief biographies which, in *The Big Money,* include Ford, Insull, Hearst, Veblen, Taylor, innovator of belt-line production, the Wright Brothers, Isadora Duncan, Rudolf Valentino, and the architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, fix the historical symbols; the *camera eye* not only fixes moods, but provides what might be regarded as a stream of social consciousness. These devices provide necessary stops and relaxations in the swift, powerful flow of narrative, point directions, and intensify insights.

The limitation I have spoken of, the failure in the presentation of revolutionary figures, is serious. Yet, in spite of it, *The Big Money* is so powerful as a presentation of the American middle class in its testing years, so mature and trickless in its portrayal of character, so large, so comprehensive, and so deep-feeling in its treatment of humanity in motion that it establishes itself and the work of which it is a part as one of the major achievements of American fiction. It is a particular distinction in this achievement that, with the exception noted, the principal characters rise into symbolic life without, as individuals, dropping into types, and that the characters of this collective novel are therefore among the finest realized individuals in our literature.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

A Further Shrinking

A FURTHER RANGE, by Robert Frost. New York. Henry Holt and Co. $2.50.

THERE is an aspect of Robert Frost which criticism can dismiss with objurgation; when you call him a reactionary -------, or a counter-revolutionary --- ---- -----, you have, in essence, said it all. (Nor would Frost, who plays for it, care if you said so: he might be more het up if you were to denounce his poses and posturings in the presence of the young, for Frost, who professes to think Eliot a charlatan, has, for a long time, been getting away with a good deal in this regard.) Still, underneath the obduracy and all the affectations of homeliness, we were content to recognize something real, something racy and local, a tang and a twist, a combination of old Adam and New England (with more of old England than met the eye), a shrewd observation (though considerably less rustic than it liked to make out) of the foibles of beasts and men. And this (we thought at the time) was quite valuable.

Unhappily, the art of being sedentary is difficult to cultivate. You can't set (sic) indefinitely without running the risk of seeming paralytic, yet heightened reputation does not necessarily attend the act of getting up and going places. The man who, seated on his kallipyge, looks like Olympian Zeus, turns out, when he stands, to be of much less impressive stature, and when he strides the hustings, to be ridiculous and unimportant of gait.

So here. The further range to which Frost has invited himself is an excursion into the field of the political didactic, and his address is unbecoming. The old Adam can still be recognized, but he wears his rue with a difference. His writing has always been more or less didactic, familiarly so, a product of ease rather than strain; if he fell short as poet, it was because his quarrel with himself was not sufficiently sharp. He falls short now because his quarrel with others is too much so; the new didacticism lacks authentic organic originality; it seems applied to the verse instead of pervading it, defective in the tone, color, and atmosphere that used to come from within and create a poetry harmonious, however low-pitched. Now Frost can be caught in the act of being what he most aims not to be—fuddled, garrulous, deaf, and ordinary. He does not bring to his art the discipline that he alleges for his wood-chopping—

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Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping-block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

Critics of left critics are wont allege that the latter do not find fault with, do not even notice, poor technique where the political ideology is acceptable. Often lamentably true; in our turn, we shall wait with pleasure for these others to point out, in Frost's present book, the tendency to prolong argument after the demands of art are satisfied, the failure of imagination, the uncritical inability to reject the bad material that weakens the good while making it look better, the clumsy prosodic accent, the homilies that sound like Guest instead of Frost. But we had better not hold our breath while we wait; maybe our adversaries will do these things, and maybe, as Ring Lardner had it, maybe San Francisco Bay is full of grape juice.

In so far as these are not wholly native deficiencies, the predestined consequences of original sin, they have been aggravated, in Frost's case, by the character of the audience he has attracted. The progress of any poet who professes himself a poet of individuality is bound to become involved in dilemma. What is the right number of hearers? Either he degrades himself with too many or isolates himself with none at all. Frost has found his most immediate audience on the college campus and its literary environs, a very select and upper-class type of village, to be sure, but hiatus of mind, countenance, and conscience can be found even here. What Marx describes as village idiocy is not limited to the steppes, and it is from his address to an admiring yokelry that Frost has undergone corruption, losing the precise effect in the general approbation, and substituting the poetic reputation for the poetic act. There is enough artist in Frost to resist these tendencies, but not enough to resist them entirely. We cannot be quite sure whether he has the saving grace to satirize his hick's apathy, or whether he is downright boasting when he remarks of his experience in Dives' Dive:

It is late at night and still I am losing,
But still I am steady and unaccusing.

As long as the Declaration guards
My rights to be equal in number of cards,

It is nothing to me who owns the Dive.
Let's have a look at another five.

Writing in *Partisan Review,* Newton Arvin has shown how Frost expresses "much more of the minor than of the major strain in Yankee life and culture"; and R. P. Blackmur, in the *Nation,* classifies him as a bard rather than a poet, a bard being one who is "at heart, an easy-going versifier of all that comes to hand, and hence never lacks either a subject or the sense of its mastery." In the old bards, Blackmur observes, we look mostly for history, in the new ones for escape.

These are valuable points from which coordinates of Frost's poetic position can be established. He has himself suggested another method of taking his measure—"How about being a good Greek, for instance?" If we look up his predecessors in the field of bucolic poetry, we have to conclude that alongside Theocritus, for instance, Frost looks like a pretty thin man. The Greek poet is much more joyous and zestful, his curiosity as a writer and observer more actively engaged, his variety of interest richer, his command of technique more sure. Nor is it the case that he was too simple-minded to know any better, too innocent to accept limitation; he possessed a highly sophisticated and civilized intelligence and lived in an age enough like our own to afford a fair comparison. Sicily and the island of Cos were to Alexandria not too different from what Frost's ideal New England is to New York. Material conditions would give Theocritus a little the better of it, and since material conditions not only help determine the boundaries within which the individual temperament works, but also operate on the individual temperament itself, perhaps we can blame on the state of New England the crabbed element in Robert Frost. Or should we leave it to our comrades of the Freudian dispensation to account for the whys and wherefores of his insistence on narrowness?

A Further Range? A further shrinking.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Curb the Supreme Court

WHOSE CONSTITUTION? by Henry A. Wallace, Reynal & Hitchcock. $1.75.
STORM OVER THE CONSTITUTION, by Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill Co. $2.

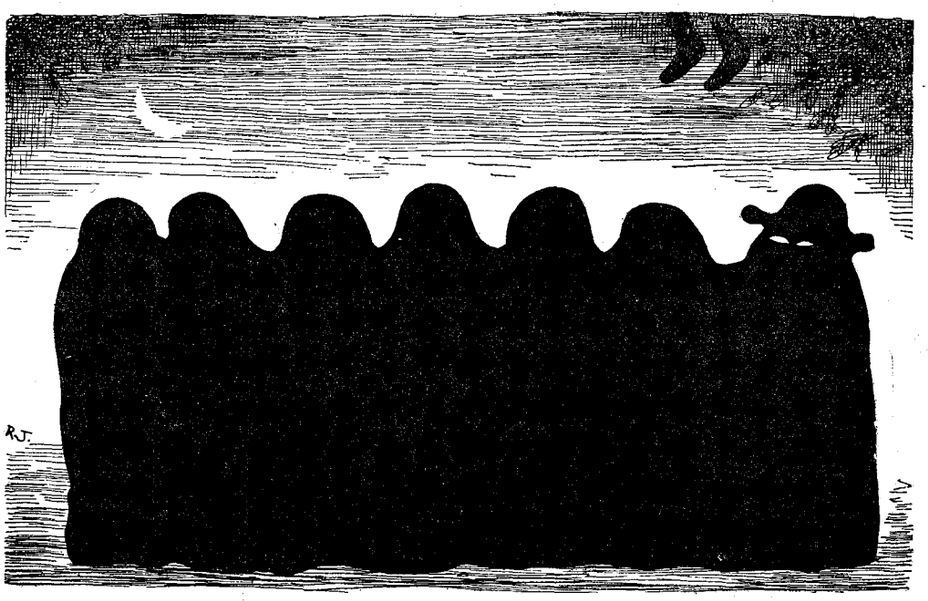
THE power of our Government is fixed by a written Constitution; words written in Philadelphia 149 years ago control our lives today since they circumscribe governmental power over the forces which hold us in their grip.

The main issue of Constitutional power may be simply stated. It is this: Does the Constitution, as it stands, endow the Federal Government with adequate power to deal with social and economic problems of our time? Is there Constitutional power to cope with the problems presented by industrial and agricultural production and distribution, wages, prices, collective bargaining, unemployment, housing, relief?

The Supreme Court, in a series of sweeping decisions, has given us its answer in one word: No.

In so doing, the Supreme Court has twisted and tortured the language of the Constitution. It has read words into the Constitution which are not there, words which were never intended to be there, even words which the framers of the Constitution expressly rejected and which are the opposite of their plain intention. It has taken sweeping grants of titanic power such as the "power to provide for the common welfare" and the "power to lay and collect taxes" and virtually extinguished them by "implied limitations." It has rewritten the Constitution!

And it has done all of this in the name of the Founding Fathers and in the guise of declaring and effectuating their purposes. In reality, it has nullified their will, violated their intention, destroyed their work. The framers of our Constitution endeavored to



"What do you mean, the solid Democratic South?
Most of our boys are Landonites."

R. Joyce

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create a strong Federal Government, equipped with broad and flexible national powers, adequate to meet national problems. They were, it is clear, conservative men of means, whose property was imperiled by the weak central government created by the Articles of Confederation. Their economic interests required a powerful national government. What the framers intended is crystal clear from what they said at the Constitutional Convention and from what they did in later years when they became the executives, legislators, and the first Supreme Court Justices. Beyond question, they conceived of the Constitution as a dynamic living charter conferring broad express and implied powers. The distortion of this charter into a narrow schedule of limitations on power is a frustration of the intention and will of its framers.

The effects of the decisions of the present Court in thus distorting the Constitution are of enormous significance. Giant aggregations of industry, capital, and finance have emerged to dominate our economy. Nation-wide in operation, they have "overawed the States." But even if the individual states were not under the thumb of property interests, they are each necessarily limited in their jurisdiction to the territories within their borders. Thus, the forty-eight states are really helpless to cope with economic power which is nation-wide in scope. There remains, then, only the Federal government power. The Supreme Court decisions which strip the Federal government of power mean that property interests escape governmental constraint altogether, State or Federal, and are free to consolidate their own "super-government." This, then, is the result of the rewriting of our Constitution.

The foregoing is the pith of the main ideas of two books just published, one by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace and the other by Irving Brant, editor of the St. Louis *Star Times*. Both books present a trenchant and illuminating study of Constitutional origin. Mr. Brant's book, in particular, throws a sharp clear light on the driving purpose of the Constitutional Convention and reveals how utterly alien in spirit are the decisions of our present Court when viewed in the light of that purpose. For all their realistic analysis and iconoclasm, however, both books have unfortunately wrapped their message in chloroform. Both writers say: The founders put the power in the Constitution. The power is there! The Supreme Court Justices have simply misread the Constitution. But that does not mean that there is anything wrong with either the Constitution or with the Supreme Court and its power of judicial review. All we need is—good judges! And how do we get good judges? "The important thing under the Brant thesis," says Wallace approvingly, "is to elect Presidents who will nominate the right men to the Supreme Court." What our writers mean, then, is this: Re-elect Roosevelt, hope that Supreme Court Justices who narrow and limit constitutional power will die or resign; hope that Roosevelt will appoint the "right" justices in their place; hope, finally, for a "sound interpretation" of the Constitution by a "liberal" Court.

The trouble with the conclusion is that it rests on sand. To say that the power is in the Constitution and that the Court, which declares that it is not there at all, is merely "misinterpreting" the Constitution may be good politics. But it is *bad law*. "The Constitution is what the Court says it is." The Court's decisions are *the law*. It involves a fundamental misunderstanding to speak of "lawless judges." For the judges state what the law is. And, by definition, the "law" is not "lawless." In the same sense, one cannot speak of judicial "usurpation" of the power of review over legislation. The power "usurped" includes the power to decide that there was no usurpation in the first place. In other words, whether the Court is "right" or "wrong" the reality is that the Constitution under which we live is precisely as narrow and limited as a majority of the Court says it is. Nor will it help to rewrite the Constitution by amendments conferring broader powers to enact social legislation. Consider what the Court has done in limiting the unlimited language of the power vested in Congress by the Constitution to "provide for the common welfare." There you have language virtually as broad as the tongue is capable of. The point is that Constitutional amendments conferring power are no proof against cunning skill in the business of rendering broad and sweeping language innocuous, of twisting words into their very opposites.

The core of the difficulty is that five lawyers, lifted to the high eminence of the Supreme Court Bench, have the real power of telling us what the Constitution is and that they are responsible to no one. There is really one solution: Strip the Court of its power to nullify legislation under the guise of judicial review. Restore the legislative power to the legislature. This will not insure wise legislation. But it will, at least, render legislation amenable to the popular will. For legislators must periodically seek re-election and for this reason are at least more responsible to shifts in political power than judges, appointed for life and utterly beyond any democratic process.

That, of course, brings us to the real job of those who wish to curb the Supreme Court. The issue of the power of the Supreme Court is really only one facet of the issue of economic and political power. The Supreme Court decisions, of course, are a part of the struggle for economic power. The decisions are blows struck in the combat. In this struggle for economic power, the Su-

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preme Court is indubitably a rock of strength to concentrated capital and those now vested with imponderable economic power. In this struggle, the most effective counter-weapon available against the weapon of Supreme Court power is clearly the insistent demand: deprive the Court of the power to declare Federal Legislation unconstitutional.

LEO J. LINDER.

Brief Reviews

THE AMENITIES OF BOOK COLLECTING, by A. Edward Newton. (Modern Library. 95 cents.) "Many delightful hours his intimates have passed in his library which was also his bedroom—for he wanted his books about him where he could play with them at night and where his eye might rest on them the first thing in the morning." This passage indicates the species of mild idiocy that afflicted the rich devotees of this peculiar refinement of the capitalist acquisitive instinct. It is somewhat ironic that this "charming" book about a millionaire hobby, whose subjects are thousand-dollar items and millionaires, should find its way into a series of books published largely for the masses. I. EASTFIELD.

KAGAWA—Songs from the Slums. (Cokesbury Press. $1) The interest in this book lies not in the poems, which are commonplace and sentimental, but in the poet. Kagawa, a social worker, has spent fifteen years of his life "solving" the Japanese slum problem by preaching the love of Christ to its inhabitants. Further, we are told that he is a staunch opponent of Communism, regarding "the spirit of Jesus Christ" as "the real spirit of Social reconstruction."

We can readily appreciate why the Japanese ruling class invited Kagawa to sit upon the Imperial Economic Commission and later upon the Government Commission on Unemployment. Kagawa was recently in America on a lecture tour under the auspices of various church and mission groups. The American press has already hailed him as the "Samuel Gompers of Japanese labor." PETER YORK.

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The Screen

Folklore and the Cinema

IN acclaiming the film version of *Green Pastures* (Warner Bros.), all the critics were amazed at the fact that the brothers Warner didn't turn the play into a spectacle and hire Cecil B. DeMille to direct.

Film criticism must have fallen pretty low when the reviewers admit that it is practically impossible to make a folk drama in a genuine cinematic way. I don't think it is that so much as it is that Hollywood has the critics licked. Their conception of a cinematic treatment would have meant Busby Berkely or DeMille or both. But really, folklore in cinema is not impossible. What's more, it has been tried with great success. And none of those films were ever what the critics feared *Green Pastures* might be if Warner Brothers had their way. In the silent era we had Fritz Lang's masterful and bold *Siegfried.* The Soviet Union gave us what is still the most beautiful folk drama ever made, Dovjenko's *Zvenigoria;* and before that the delightful fable on the Snow Maiden theme: *Morozko.*

In line with the national policy of the Soviet Union, its national cinema has been the only one to give us the folk film. Not only are Dovjenko's pictures filled with Ukrainian folklore, but we will recall *Alone* (Siberia) and that beautiful little film, *Song of Happiness* (Karelia). All of these films were everything a folk drama—a folk film—should be: earthy, lusty, lyrical, simple in spite of their free use of imagination, and above all ethnologically authentic.

In her brilliant essay on folklore in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences,* Dr. Ruth Benedict points out: "Exaggeration is inherent in the play of imagination; distance and time are annihilated and natural phenomena personalized spontaneously without rationalistic background. The play of imagination, fundamental in folklore, is given direction by the great opportunity for wish-fulfilment." And in addition, if folklore is the literature of the common people then there can be no more impressive medium for the preservation and presentation of that form than the unrestricted sound cinema.

Imagination and exaggeration do not mean distortion. A folk tale must have ethnological honesty to be culturally and dramatically valid. It must have warmth and tenderness that is inherent in the folk tale and not the prejudices (conscious or unconscious) of a "superior" cultural or ethnic group.

A great deal has been said about the folklorish qualities of *Green Pastures*—thus establishing, in the minds of many people, the fact that it is an authentic Negro drama. Unfortunately, it is nothing of the sort. It is merely a high-class rationalization of the Negro as the childlike but very charming primitive. Whatever may be the value of the rendering of the spirituals by the Hall Johnson Choir and the generally high level of the acting, *Green Pastures* still remains the sophisticated Marc Connelly's version of Roark Bradford's distorted version of Negro folklore.

Green Pastures is as much Negro folklore as *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* is the saga of the Kentucky mountaineers or *The Man of Aran* the folklore of the Irish islanders. During its five-year theatrical engagement the play impressed thousands of people. There was much to be said for the intriguing staging and the sets of Robert Edmund Jones. Richard Harrison's enthusiasm for the role did much to put the stage play

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across. During the run it built up its reputation of "authenticity" in much the same way, I'm afraid, that *Abie's Irish Rose* built up a reputation of a different kind of folk play. When Frank Nugent says that "it conferred [upon its audiences] a blissful memory of things serene, nostalgic and lovable," he is in a sense giving us the key to all the critics when they praise *Green Pastures* as a folk drama. In the disastrous days of 1930 such a play was wonderful escape. And today it still is.

On the other hand, the new Soviet film at the Cameo, *Gypsies,* offers us a study in contrasts. It has everything *Green Pastures* lacks. In addition it bears the distinction of being the first authentic gypsy film to be shown in this country.

Gypsies is entirely cinematic. It is simple in structure, the slight and conventional narrative allows the director and his craftsmen free play of the imagination. He has been clever enough to utilize the native characterizations of the gypsy theater.

There is little to tell of the plot, which concerns itself with the efforts of a young Communist to win the patriarchal nomads over to see his point of view and to settle on the land. The plot unwinds slowly but progressively until the terrific climax of the ceremonial dance and song. While *Gypsies* has some of the faults of a not completely realized film, of not being a Dovjenko film—it has all the qualities of great drama, folk drama. The well-known German stage and screen actor M. Yanshin (now an exile in the Soviet Union) plays the old reactionary gypsy chief with skill and conviction. But the real honors go to Mordvinov, who plays Yudko, the gypsy who joins the collective (note his soliloquy closely), and Lala Chernaya of the Gypsy Theater, who plays his daughter.

PETER ELLIS.

Between Ourselves

POGROMS in America forecast for September! Next week the NEW MASSES will publish the statement of one of America's chief Jew-baiters that a massacre is scheduled for next month. The instruments of violence have been prepared, he declares, and his movement boasts Republican supporters.

John L. Spivak's article in this issue outlines the background of hunger, terror, and political intrigue against which the other articles in his current series will be written. One of them will be an interview with ex-President Grau San Martin on the immediate future of Cuba. Mr. Spivak is now at Chesters' Zunbarg, Woodbourne, N. Y., completing the series. We hope he doesn't spill all his most interesting stories to the guests there before we have a chance to print them.

And speaking of Chesters' Zunbarg, they've initiated what to us seems a very agreeable custom. They're charging 25 cents for the use of skates on their roller-skating rink, and turning over to the NEW MASSES the money thus received. Out-of-town papers please copy.

The Labor Research Association furnished the data upon which Avery Wood's article is based. . . . Ken Crossen is on the staff of the American Civil Liberties Union. . . . Harper will publish *Calling Western Union,* a new volume of Genevieve Taggard's poems, some time this fall.

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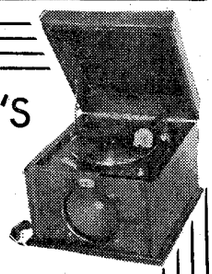

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